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Vietnam's Lost War Photographers

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All Is Revealed

NEW YORK STORIES

Surviving the Big Apple

Coming Clean

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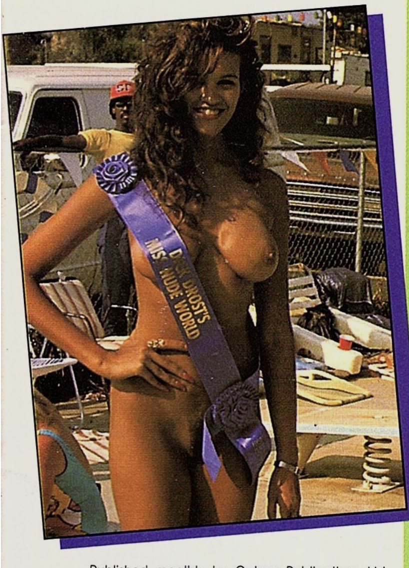

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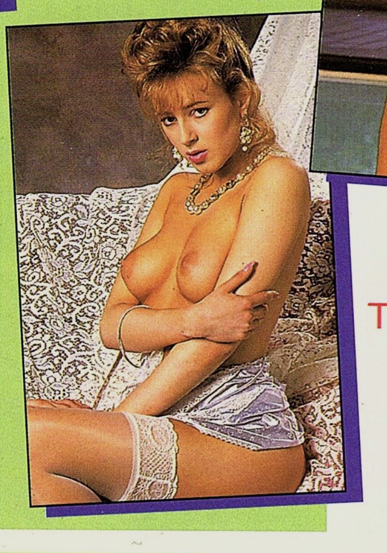

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FREEMAN

PENPO

Thrusting, sweating and spurting – the raw ingredients of PENPOWER PLUS. And when we say raw, we mean it! This is your chance to get your latest or greatest sexual adventure in print. We pay £5 for every letter printed, and an enormous, throbbing £50 for our letter of the month. All the letters are genuine, and the only things we change are names and locations in order to preserve anonymity, so stop what you're doing and get writing to: Penpower Plus, Knave, Galaxy Publications Ltd., PO Box 312, Witham, Essex,CM8 3SZ.

Smell My Body

I've long been a female admirer of your magazine. Despite having had many exciting sexual liasons over the last few years, this is the first time I've plucked up the courage to tell all to a men's magazine.

Let me introduce myself. I'm a 22 year old bisexual blonde girl with a high sex-drive and, so my lovers tell me, a sensational body. I love nothing more than to have my ample 36C breasts squeezed and stroked, or my clit licked to a frenzied height of orgasm by male and female admirers alike. It is true that only a girl knows what really turns another girl on, but when I get the thick hard cock of some young stud between my thighs I'm prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Working, as I do, for a direct sales kitchen company, I meet more than my fair share of couples, old and young alike. There's nothing quite like a flash of stocking top to help close a sale when a husband isn't sure of committing himself, but I have to be careful I don't arouse the jealousy of his wife. There's less chance of a customer cancelling if he has a bulge in his trousers when he signs the contract, especially if there's a promise of more to follow on delivery.

The start of the year is always a quiet time in the industry, and recently we've been having trouble reaching our branch targets. One night last week I went out determined to get a deal at whatever cost. By the end of the night, not only had I got the contract signed with a full deposit, but I also had several more deposits in the sensuous inner depths of my body.

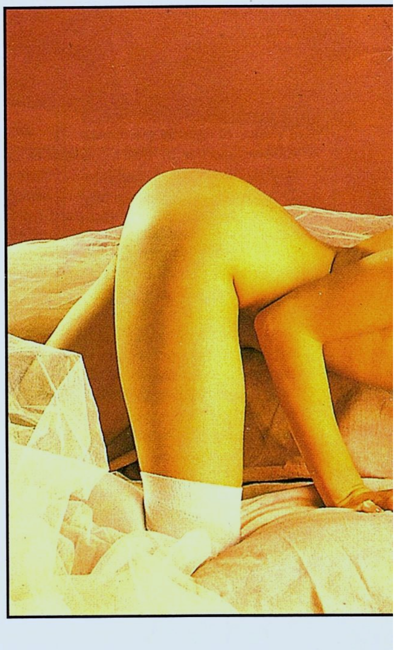
I had left the house dressed to kill, looking like a walking advertisement for an 0898 number. Beneath a long, grey over coat I wore a revealing blouse and sexy black mini skirt. Beneath that, I had my favourite black basque, fastened tightly to exhibit my cleavage, lace-top hold-up stockings (10 denier, black), no knickers and the highest pair of black suede stilettos I own. The outfit was finished off with a comprehensive make-up job, blue eye shadow, a subtle application of blusher, and a personal favourite — blue lipstick.

I was on the way to see Steve and Wendy, a couple in their late twenties, in an up-market area of Harrogate. I'd confirmed the appointment myself, so I knew roughly what to expect, and when the door opened I have to confess to an instant sexual attraction both to the muscular form of Steve and his gorgeous brunette wife. I was nearly half an hour late, but Steve accepted my apology with a smile and showed me into their well-appointed lounge.

Throughout the presentation I watched both partners closely, trying to gauge their enthusiasm for the proposed project. By the time we started to talk about the design it was getting quite late, when out of the blue Wendy offered me their spare bedroom for the night. Hesitantly I accepted, and then, not needing to worry about the long drive home, I took Steve up on the offer of a Martini. As I inhaled the smoke of the accompanying Silk Cut, the atmosphere changed to that of a relaxed evening with friends, rather than a night of hard sell. To cut a long story short, more drinks followed, and by the time we had agreed on the provisional plan, I was feeling quite pissed. Buttons were loosened on Steve's shirt and Wendy kicked off first one shoe then the other, rubbing her white stocking-clad foot up her other leg as she settled back on the settee with her husband.

Eventually I joined them, and as I pointed out the benefits of placing the cooker across the corner, I couldn't help resting my hand on Steve's left thigh. Wendy didn't seem to notice, and Steve returned the compliment by moving closer towards me. Wendy excused herself, and as she left the room I siezed the opportunity to kiss Steve full on the lips. As we exchanged tongues I couldn't resist running my hand higher to caress the growing erection in his trousers. Steve focussed his attention on my tits, undoing first one button then another, until eventually he discarded my blouse, revealing my black basque. As he moved down to take my right nipple into his mouth, I gasped with pleasure, my hand working feverishly to release his straining cock. As we were getting carried away, Wendy returned holding another bottle of Martini. I came to my senses, and sheepishly tried to pretend nothing was happening, but the evidence was stacked against me.

Rather than being angry, she grinned and said, "What have we here?" Then she turned the lights

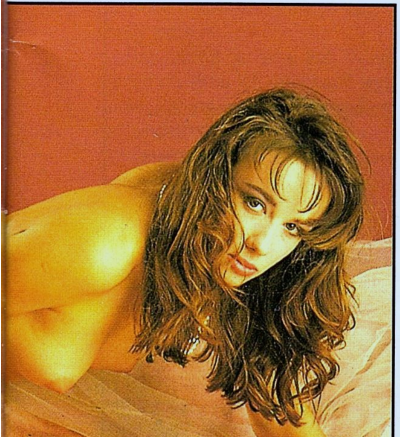


OWER

down low, peeled off her outer layers of clothing until she was standing there in a lacy white bra and panties, white suspenders and stockings, and came over to join us both.

This was all the encouragement Steve and I needed. I stubbed out my cigarette and got down to the serious business of paying homage to his considerable manhood. Wendy helped me remove his trousers and boxer shorts, and a delicious eight inches of pleasure stood proud and erect from his groin. Together, we licked his shaft, glans and balls, taking it in turns to swallow as much of his cock as we could. I took off my mini skirt, causing a sensation when my hosts realised I wasn't wearing any knickers, then moved round to caress Wendy's breasts as she deep throated her husband.

Taking his cock in my hand, I wanked him slowly and started a long, passionate kiss with Wendy. Then, as I returned my mouth to his shaft, Wendy moved round behind me, rubbing my clitoris and finally inserting two fingers into my well moistened pussy.



At this, Steve suggested we moved somewhere more comfortable, so we adjourned to their bedroom, taking both bottles of Martini with us. Settling down on top of the duvet, I embraced Wendy, and after removing her bra, moved down to kiss first one, then the other nipple. Wendy rolled on top of me and then moved round, lowering her cunt onto my face and burying her mouth deep into my own pussy. The sensations started deep within me, and by the time they reached the surface I exploded into one of the most shattering orgasms of my life. Wendy still hadn't finished, and as I inserted my fingers into her canal she licked my clitoris, savouring the aroma of my juices.

JOKER

Have you heard about the kissogram girl who reckons it's old fashioned to do her grams in stiletto heels?
She claims she can squeeze in more dates while travelling on skates.
She advertises in 'Yellow Pages' under the name of 'Feels on Wheels'.

While this was occurring Steve had been wanking furiously, but the scene before him was suddenly too tempting to merely play a passive role. He joined us on the bed, rubbing his cock up against my stockinged legs. Wendy reached over and moved down the bed to take her husband's cock in her mouth, with her bottom sticking up suggestively in the air. Cupping my fingers, I rubbed them along her crack, and started

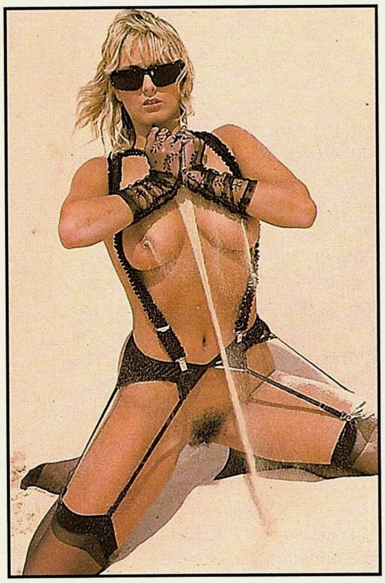
▷ 6

PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 5

wanking her with two fingers. Stretching her walls as I inserted them inside her. "Fuck me, fuck me," she gasped collapsing in waves of orgasmic rapture. I licked her jucies from the bottle neck and came again as I watched her straddle Steven's cock.

Slowly they started thrusting together, changing positions until Steve entered her from behind, pumping gallons of hot spunk deep into her eager fanny. I helped him lick her out, and after a short cigarette break, our fucking and sucking continued. Wendy and I frigged each other senseless, using as many fingers as we could, taking it in turns to suck Steve back to full size. Finally, Steve alternated between our cunts as we knelt side by side, and while his wife sat on his prick I sat on his face, rubbing my oh-so-wet cunt all over his nose, mouth and neck, until we all came together in one gigantic orgasmic flood.



When we all awoke the next morning we showered together and then repeated the previous night's action, Steve phoning in sick for a day off work. When I finally got home with the completed paperwork and deposit cheque, I made a note in my diary to return in a couple of weeks to check on the installation. I shall write to tell you what happens on my return. — *C., Sunderland.*

Last Ditch Bitch

I'd like to share my holiday experience with your readers. It had been an enjoyable week in the Dominican Republic. However, it was approaching the end of my stay and I had not yet made full use of the large double bed in my hotel room. Most of the local girls could only speak Spanish and my attempts with the good looking French Canadians had proved disasterous.

Sitting by the poolside bar, I was musing on this when an attractive, slim girl of about nineteen, with long blonde hair entered the bar area. She wore a very short purple dress and had well tanned legs. When she sat down at the bar next to me I thought this would be my best and probably last chance to have a holiday fling. I wasn't too hopeful, but I was determined not to make my intentions too obvious.

I offered to light her cigarette and we got talking. It was so natural that I forgot all about my intentions for the moment. We talked at length and when the calypso band started to play, we danced. Breaking only occasionally, we danced until the band stopped. During this time I had discovered that her name was Tina and she came from South Carolina. She was holidaying with a girlfriend who had met someone the previous night, and was out at a disco with him. At the end of the last dance I invited Tina for a drink in my room. To my surprise and delight she agreed.

In the room, Tina sat on the bed as I poured us each a glass of rum. She teasingly lit a cigarette, blowing the smoke out in a most tart like fashion from her full red lips. I took it from her, touching her lips with my forefinger. Tina responded by gently sucking it with the tip of her tongue, I knew my cock would soon be in for a treat. Next I kissed her, allowing her tongue to explore my mouth. Then feeling her evenly shaped tits through the flimsy dress I gently caressed her, moving my hand down to her smooth thighs. Edging up her dress, I felt the

PROS & CONS

The 10 Worst Things About Having A Dick

1. Waking up one morning in your teens surrounded by a sticky, waxy mess.
2. Being unable to control the spray when directing a stream at a toilet bowl.
3. Watching a dog lick its own bollocks and being jealous.
4. Sitting on a bus or train and getting an erection thanks to the movement, or having to try and walk upright with a stonker.
5. Waking up every morning, desperate for a piss but unable to go, because Old Nobbly has been up for about an hour before you.
6. Hygiene. (We're talking smegma, here).
7. Having nowhere to put it except your pants.
8. Offering to sleep on the wet patch — this one for New Men only.
9. Facing the prospect of prostate troubles later in life, and the thought of having a huge tube shoved down your one good eye to fix it.
10. Dribbling.

The 10 Best Things About Having A Dick

1. Never having to find a candle (unlike girls).
2. Never having to tell your hand that you love it, and buy it dinner.
3. Touching it in public from time to time to reassure yourself that it's still there.
4. Being able to piss anytime, anywhere.
5. Being able to "wave" at your wife, or gently slap her with it.
6. Giving your girlfriend/wife a good target to kick when you piss her off.
7. Having a permanent hand warmer.
8. Not having to run around with cotton wool mice (think about it) every 28 days.
9. Doing amusing weight lifting and balancing tricks without using your hands.
10. Being able to give your partner a nourishing protein drink at the mere drop of a trouser.

silky skin below her now visible white, lacy knickers.

We briefly parted, Tina finished her cigarette whilst removing her dress in a most tantalising fashion, to reveal her beautiful, tanned body. I removed my top and then began to pepper her tits with soft kisses before sucking on her now firm nipples, moving from one to the other whilst pulling her skimpy knickers down in one swift action.

Her legs parted and I put my fingers to work once more, feeling her moist cunt lips and then slipping my finger in and out, tickling her clit. As she became increasingly wet, Tina began to gasp. Bringing my head down I had a great close up view of her glistening, blonde, inviting pussy. Burying myself in her minge, I parted her juicy cunt lips with my fingers, darting my tongue in and out of her before slowly licking her out, enjoying her sweet tasting love juice. Whilst doing this, I gently kneaded her waist with my hands. After a few minutes she pushed me away and unbuttoned my bulging trousers. She began to stroke my firm cock before enveloping it with her juicy red lips, sucking deeply Tina brought me to the point of climax. I pushed her gently away.

Tina parted her legs, and guided my cock into her warm wet pussy. Raising her legs by gripping her smooth thighs, I started plunging deeply into her. Tina moaned in ecstasy as I slowly shafted her. I slid my hands along her legs, reaching her feet I gently massaged her soles with my thumbs. I could feel her wetness against my thighs. Increasing my pace I thrust right into her until Tina started to climax. I brought my hands back to her thighs, gripping tightly. Although wet, her fanny was quite tight against my cock as it slipped back and forth, and when she began to jerk suddenly, I could feel myself coming. I tried to hold on, but to no avail, and my whole body stiffened as my come shot deeply into her.

JOKER

A young salesman left a director's office and was spotted by his secretary and a typist.

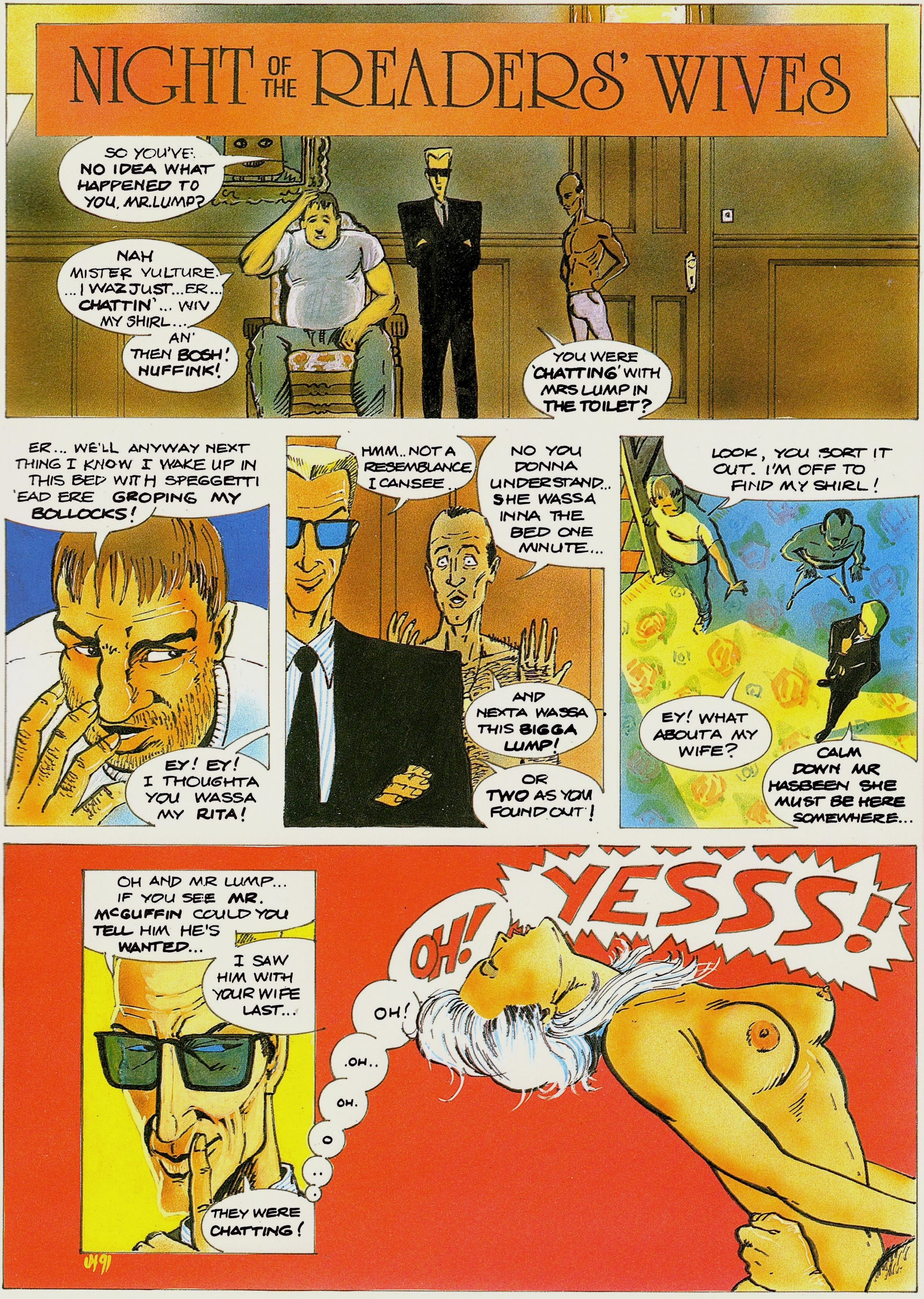
"My, that salesman's a snazzy dresser," said the typist.

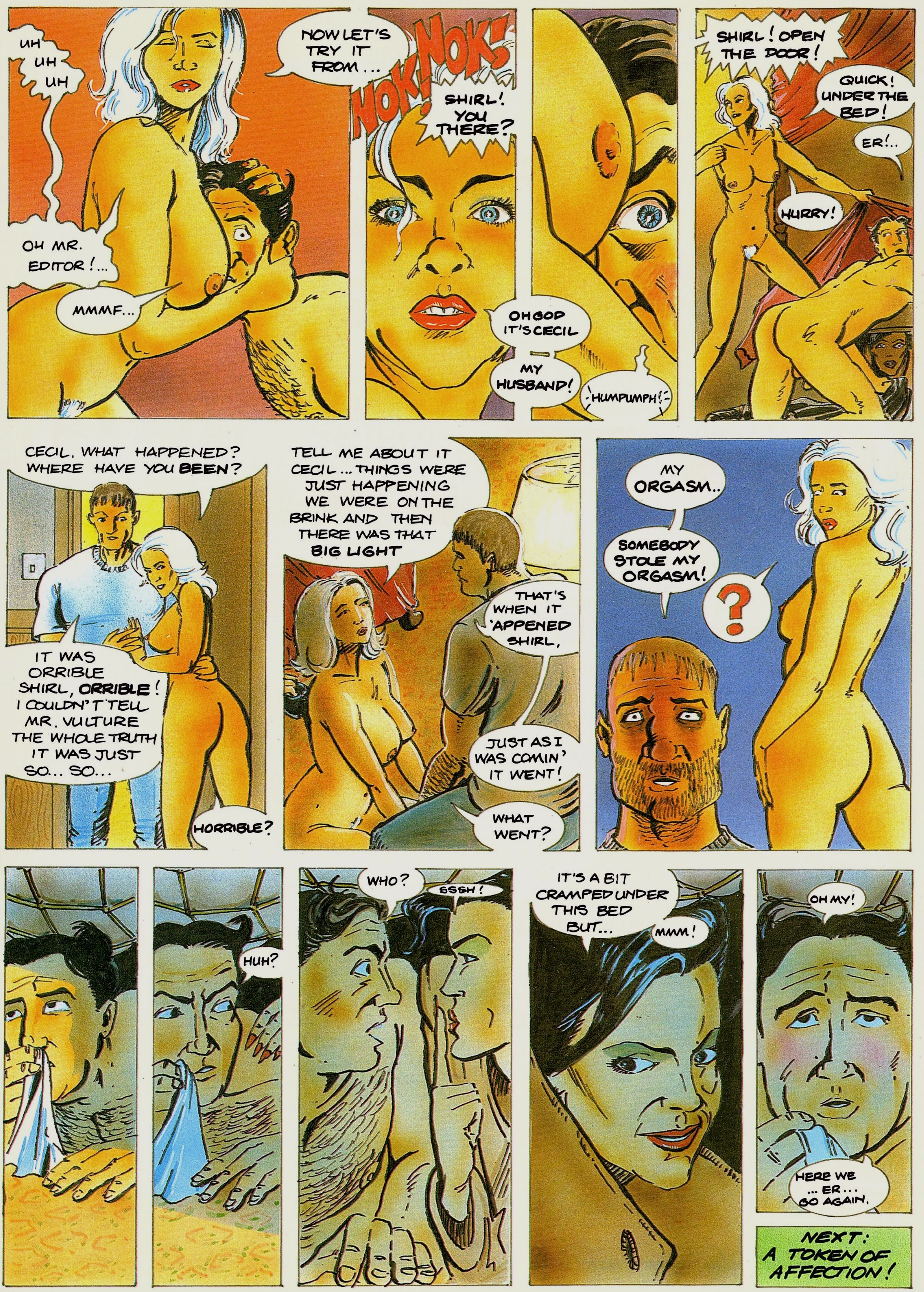
"And a fast one too," interrupted the typist.

Photographed by ELECTRIC EYE

What sets Mona apart from other women? Is it her natural beauty and charm? Or maybe it's the fact that she owns a massive collection of batik covered staple guns? No, I'd suggest that it was her fascination with antique broccoli jars.

NIGHT OF THE READERS' WIVES

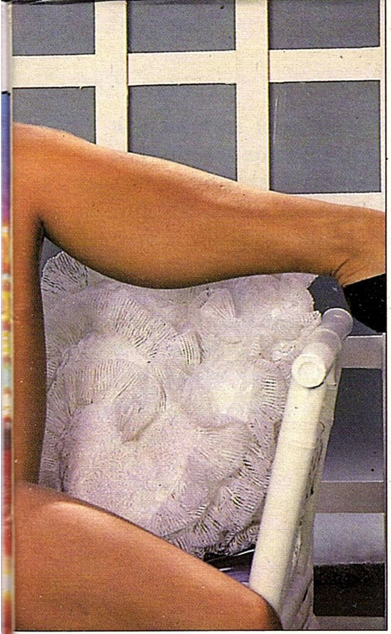

SO YOU'VE: NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, MR. LUMP?
NAH MISTER VULTURE. ...I WAZ JUST...ER... CHATTIN'... WIV MY SHIRL... AN' THEN BOSH! NUFFINK!
YOU WERE 'CHATTING' WITH MRS LUMP IN THE TOILET?
ER... WE'LL ANYWAY NEXT THING I KNOW I WAKE UP IN THIS BED WITH SPEGGETTI 'EAD ERE GROPING MY BOLLOCKS!
EY! EY! I THOUGHTA YOU WASSA MY RITA!
HMM.. NOT A RESEMBLANCE I CANSEE.
NO YOU DONNA UNDERSTAND... SHE WASSA INNA THE BED ONE MINUTE...
AND NEXTA WASSA THIS BIGGA LUMP!
OR TWO AS YOU FOUND OUT!
LOOK, YOU SORT IT OUT. I'M OFF TO FIND MY SHIRL!
EY! WHAT ABOUTA MY WIFE?
CALM DOWN MR HASBEEN SHE MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE...
OH AND MR LUMP... IF YOU SEE MR. McGUFFIN COULD YOU TELL HIM HE'S WANTED...
I SAW HIM WITH YOUR WIFE LAST...
YESSS!
OH!
OH!
.OH..
OH.
O
THEY WERE CHATTING!
JH91


UH
UH
UH
OH MR. EDITOR!...
MMMF...
NOW LET'S TRY IT FROM...
NOK! NOK!
SHIRL! YOU THERE?
OH GOD IT'S CECIL
MY HUSBAND!
HUMPUMPH!
SHIRL! OPEN THE DOOR!
QUICK! UNDER THE BED!
ER!..
HURRY!
CECIL. WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
IT WAS ORRIBLE SHIRL, ORRIBLE! I COULDN'T TELL MR. VULTURE THE WHOLE TRUTH IT WAS JUST SO... SO...
HORRIBLE?
TELL ME ABOUT IT CECIL... THINGS WERE JUST HAPPENING WE WERE ON THE BRINK AND THEN THERE WAS THAT BIG LIGHT
THAT'S WHEN IT 'APPENED SHIRL,
JUST AS I WAS COMIN' IT WENT!
WHAT WENT?
MY ORGASM..
SOMEBODY STOLE MY ORGASM!
?
HUH?
WHO?
SSSH!
IT'S A BIT CRAMPED UNDER THIS BED BUT...
MMM!
OH MY!
HERE WE ... ER ... GO AGAIN.
NEXT: A TOKEN OF AFFECTION!

TRIXIE

Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR

Gargantuan gash in the garden, or wot? Yeah, it's old tricky Trixie up to her naughty, er, tricks again. Ooooh, it's sizzling in suburbia, ain't it? The lads down there haven't had such a turn on since Mrs. Smithers hung her soiled knicks out on the line. Well, Trixie don't wear pantaloons, so that's a cut above, ain't it? Runny, or wot? Where's the fahkin' crazy paving? I love it!



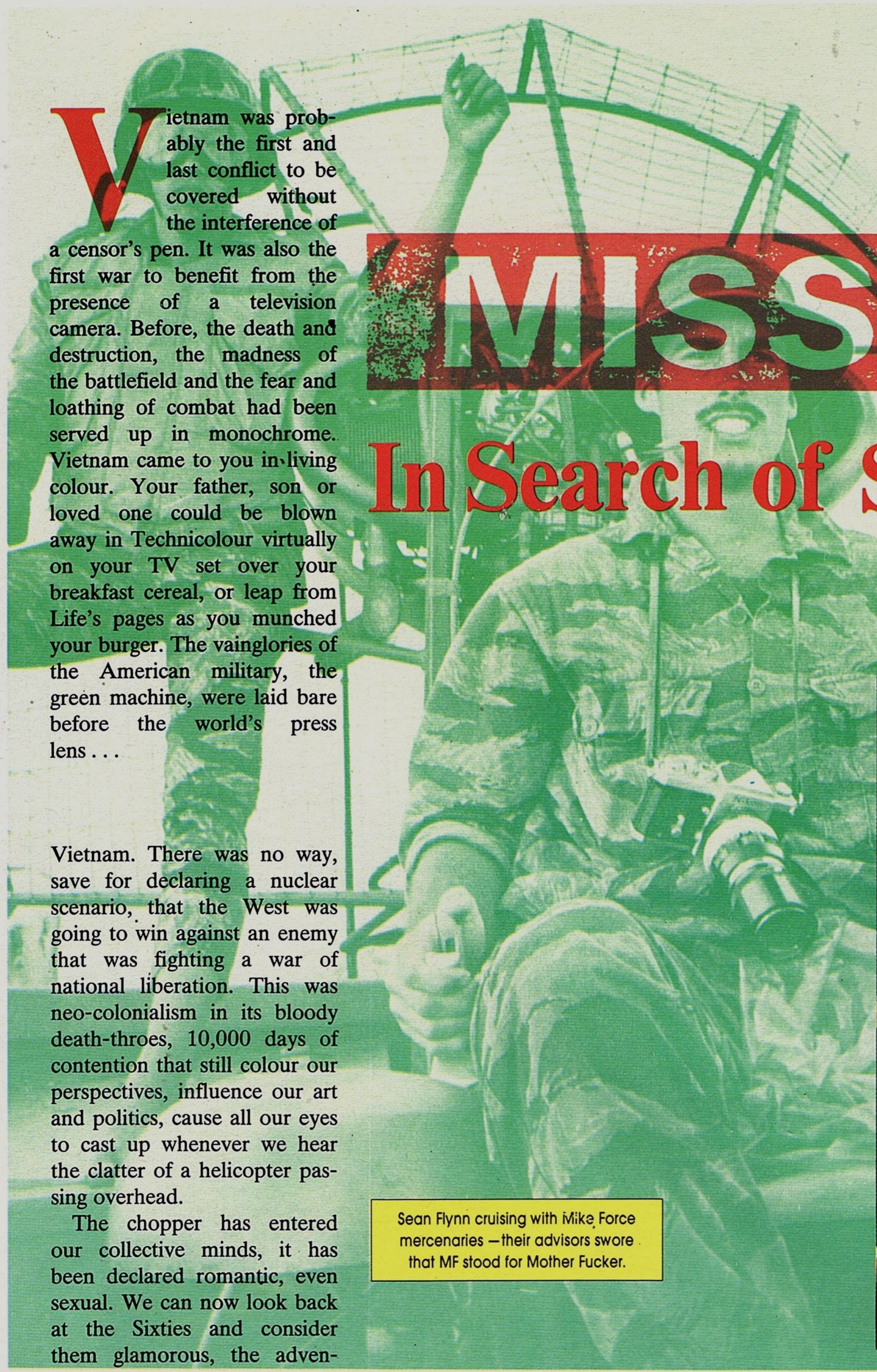
PART ONE – IN-COUNTRY

‘MISSING I

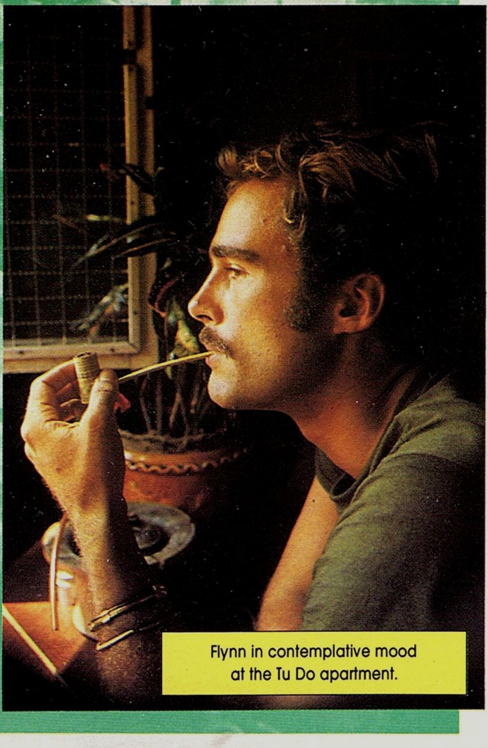
In Search of Sean Flynn

Sean Flynn was an American maverick Bao Chi — war photographer. Sometimes called “the best dressed man in Vietnam,” Flynn’s methods were at times a little extreme, always dangerous. In a crazed world like Vietnam it was only too easy to go too far, and the son of Hollywood’s Captain Blood did just that. After dicing with death once too often, Flynn was last seen in 1970, heading into volatile Cambodia on a motorcycle alongside Dana Stone, a fellow photographer.

Readers of Michael Herr’s bestseller *Dispatches* will know of the friendship between Flynn and his famed British counterpart, TIM PAGE. In this exclusive two-part feature, Page recalls their lives in the Vietnam press corps and his own quest for last resting place of Sean Flynn . . .



Sean Flynn cruising with Mike Force mercenaries — their advisors swore that MF stood for Mother Fucker.



Flynn in contemplative mood at the Tu Do apartment.

Vietnam was probably the first and last conflict to be covered without the interference of a censor’s pen. It was also the first war to benefit from the presence of a television camera. Before, the death and destruction, the madness of the battlefield and the fear and loathing of combat had been served up in monochrome. Vietnam came to you in living colour. Your father, son or loved one could be blown away in Technicolour virtually on your TV set over your breakfast cereal, or leap from Life’s pages as you munched your burger. The vainglories of the American military, the green machine, were laid bare before the world’s press lens . . .

Vietnam. There was no way, save for declaring a nuclear scenario, that the West was going to win against an enemy that was fighting a war of national liberation. This was neo-colonialism in its bloody death-throes, 10,000 days of contention that still colour our perspectives, influence our art and politics, cause all our eyes to cast up whenever we hear the clatter of a helicopter passing overhead.

The chopper has entered our collective minds, it has been declared romantic, even sexual. We can now look back at the Sixties and consider them glamorous, the adventure perpetuated in Indonesia a high point of the decade. For those under the rain of bombs and fire, the perspective was somewhat different.

For Sean Flynn, myself and the rest of the press in Vietnam there were no rules. The codes of coverage were improvised as the war was escalated. All manner of folk flocked to get passionately involved, or sit vulture-like in Saigon under the Bao Chi (Press) flag. This

Photographs by Tim Page

was the first large scale war where it was apparent that the events often seemed staged with the media in mind. We were a willing cast at the Vietnam theatre, each of us there for our own private reasons, for the press corps was littered with amateur and pro, hardcore hawks and doves; all of

N ACTION

us a little of each in ourselves. Our licence, our brief, was as open-ended as the war. There were no front lines. You stood as much chance of getting blown up in a floating restaurant in downtown Saigon as you did falling out of the sky inside a dysfunctional high tech eggbeater whose whole survivability depended on a set of Jesus nuts which held the rotors to the shafts. Riding a chopper was the ultimate brush with the edge; a taxi to the front.

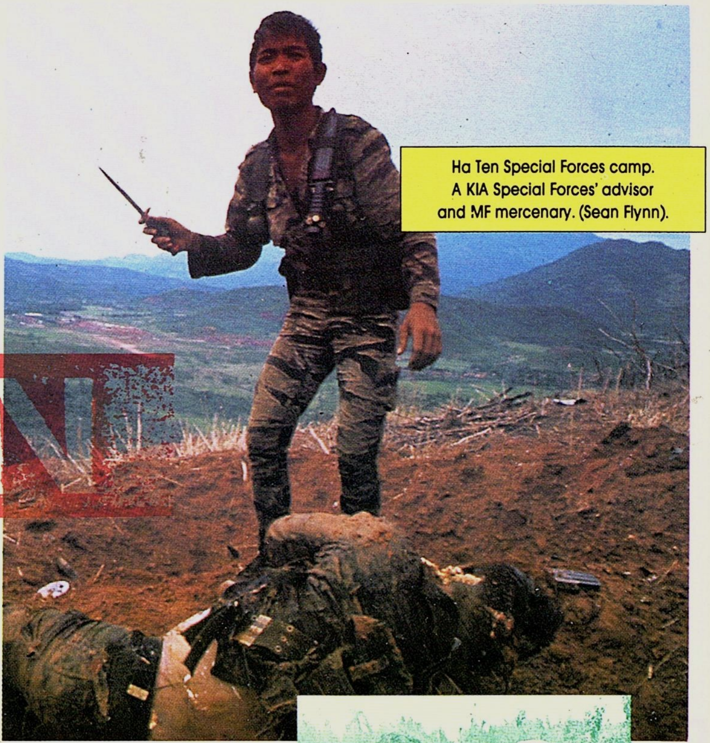
To become a fully fledged correspondent/photographer, a Bao Chi in Vietnamese, it was necessary to get accredited, firstly by the South Vietnamese system and thereafter by JUSPAO, The Joint United States Public Affairs Office. This was the Saigon-based bureau that handled all military and civilian press related matters, including arranging transportation to the nether reaches of the Republic. Accreditation required a letter of employment or commitment from a paper, magazine, agency or network, taking responsibility for you in case of wounding or death; a guarantee that in any eventuality you would be taken care of. The same company was responsible for your behaviour and also for making sure that the only ground rule, no censorship, was kept to.

As communication speeded up with the war's escalation, it had occurred to some that next of kin would first get news of a loved one's demise direct from the front page, or off the breakfast TV news, rather than from the normal authorities. To avoid this distress, everyone agreed to hold back, to let the government get there first. It was self censorship at JUSPAO's behest. A certain juggling game was played between officialdom and the Saigon bureaux: when the military got uptight about coverage, we would release into the world's press maw a few frames or stories that would possibly have been judged as unsavoury or damaging. Everyone kept a stock of torture or abuse pix guardedly on hand to trump bureaucracy.

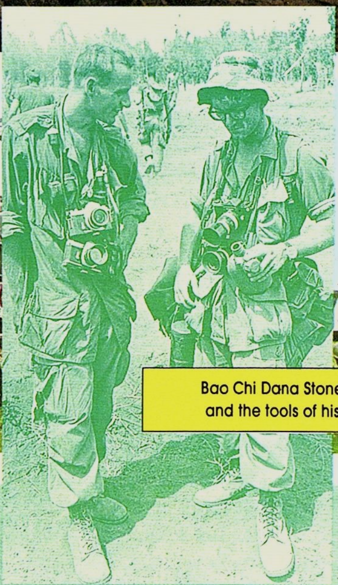
Basically, we were free to go wherever our desires and our ingenuity to get there could stretch to. It was possible to end up covering an armoured operation in a rented 3-wheeled bamboo basket, tagging along behind the last A.P.C. in line, sharing the ride with a CBS news crew, righteously annoying the army by turning up unannounced. A Honda ride out of Saigon or Da Nang could get you as near to the action as you wished, though it was always better to try to go down any road after the first buses had departed. The chances of hitting a mine or being stopped by the VC were grim life choices.

A number of journalists actually organised to get captured, to get a scoop from the other side, by taking a prearranged bus which would later be emptied at Charlie's checkpoint for taxing and indoctrination.

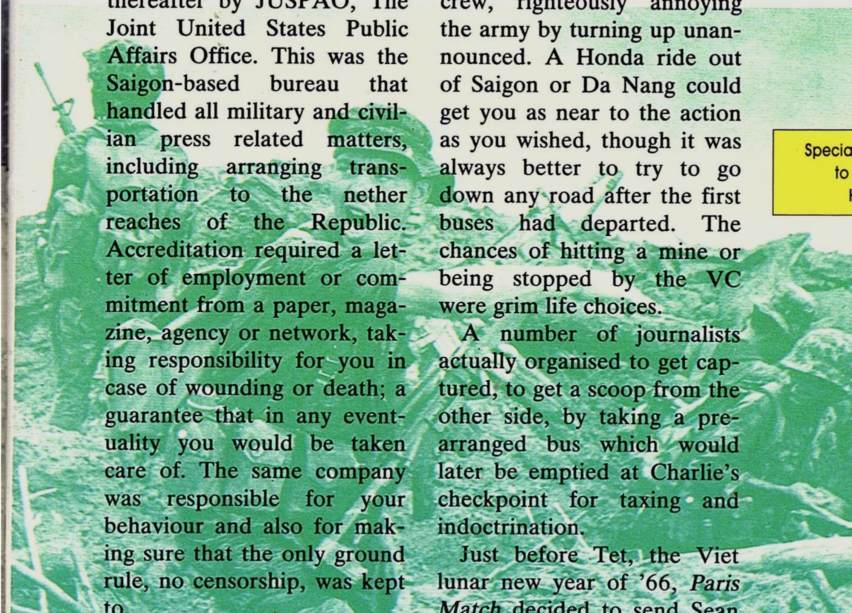
Just before Tet, the Viet lunar new year of '66, *Paris Match* decided to send Sean Flynn off for a look-see at real combat. From St Tropez to Saigon, a playboy goes to war. The son of movie action man Errol Flynn. Hollywood



Ha Ten Special Forces camp. A KIA Special Forces' advisor and MF mercenary. (Sean Flynn).

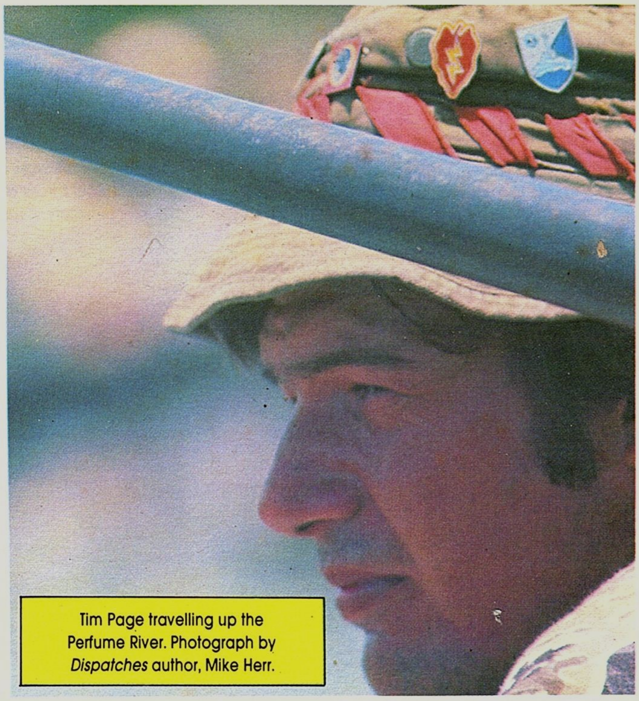


Bao Chi Dana Stone (right) and the tools of his trade.



Special Forces lead an MF charge to recapture their base at Ha Tahn. (Sean Flynn).

Sean Flynn bikes round the 'Nam.



Tim Page travelling up the Perfume River. Photograph by *Dispatches* author, Mike Herr.

The B movies he had played in were a thing of the past. *The Son of Captain Blood,* Sean's last film, was a classic flop, shot in Singapore's summer of '66, *Five Ashore in Singapore* no better. His last appearance was in a French production wherein five R&R-ing marines get captured by Red Chinese aboard a freighter in the harbour. They are put into crypto-hypnosis, reprogrammed and shipped back to change the course of the war. Naturally, Captain Flynn wins the day. A truly forgettable movie.

He came back from it with enough bread to get more Leicas, Nikons and a Hasselblad. With the Blad he made studio portraits in the flat, the other gear was used to capture some of the best images ever made in the war. Both UPI and A.P. started to pick up his frames to wire world-wide. This was the coming of age of the freelancer, the Aquarius surfer. Few folk got as far up river as Flynn; you bought a scoop with any photo. Back then he got but $10 a pic.

The photos bit close to the bone, his picture of a V.C. upside down under interrogation incurred the wrath of the S.F. Mikeforce (*Special Forces mercenaries, codename Mikeforce — Ed*) he had been with at the time. Later on, he would regain their favour up in I corps,

MISSING IN ACTION

led us to believe that Errol and John Wayne won WWII between them. Now Sean would live out a role that his father only acted.

In fact, Daddy hadn't even got near to a combat scene. The only shots he fired in anger were those on safari in Africa where the target does not shoot back. But Errol had made sure Sean was well versed in the art of killing. Of the few things he bequeathed him were his matched Purdys and Wetherby rifle. Sean got to use them all in Africa and then in what was at that time East Pakistan, where he helped in the taking out of a man-eating tiger that had been plaguing a village. Its latest victim was placed as a lure beneath a tree in which Flynn was perched with a rifle. He would later describe the horrors of watching the animal rip open the cadaver as being worse than anything he later saw in war.

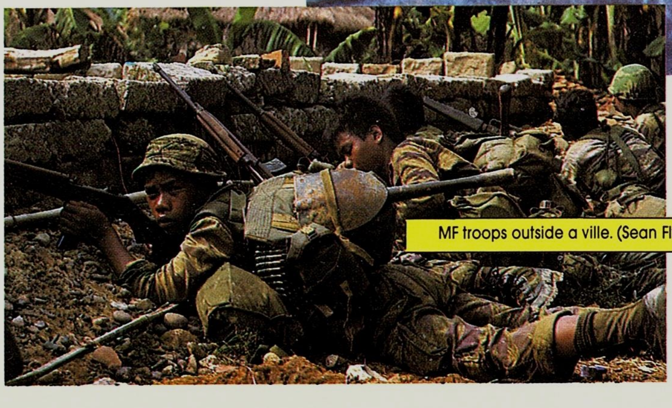
His war would get awful close and personal, right at the cutting edge of the coal face. Mostly he was out with the Lurps, the long range recon, and the Special Forces, going way up into the back of beyond where there would be no-one to watch your ass and save you the obligation of packing of packing a weapon, and knowing how to use it. These were units employing all the covert, camouflaged, sneaky moves to get into Charlie's backyard and inflict the worst results.

Flynn and I met up outside the Five O'clock Follies, the JUSPAO nightly press briefings, hitting it off immediately and after a night of sweet smoke and mutual babble he moved into our animal house journofrat villa.

He had stayed on post the *Paris Match* gig, a junkie moth to the glamour flame of the war. Putting off the return to fashionable Paris to stay on in search of his inner self.

The daunting shadow of his father would haunt him wherever he was to go. Sean was identified with the rakish, womanising, glamorous image his Dad had accrued but which, in reality, had little to do with his son. Sure, he had more than in his fair share of the fair sex, but unlike his father he could not have been said to be overly promiscuous. He was a private, inner man, a warrior on a Zen quest for the self he came face to face with in Vietnam.

Flynn and Mike Force mercenaries out on patrol.



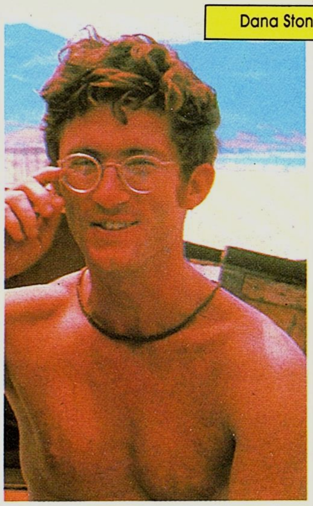
MF troops outside a ville. (Sean Flynn).

picking up and leading the charge to regain an overrun outpost after all the U.S. advisors had gone down in the fire coming from dug-in N.V.A. troops. He had even started packing a 16mm Arriflex and a cassette recorder to multiply his options. His footage was often to grace the C.B.S. evening news.

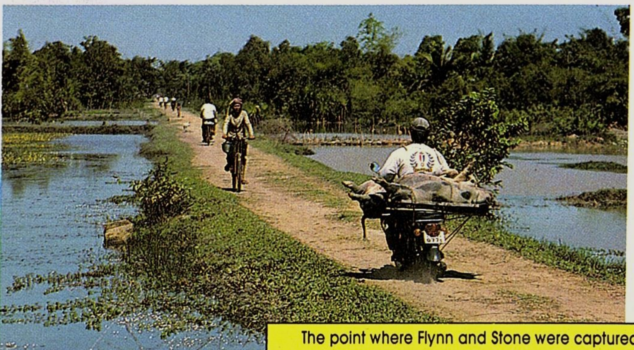
1968. The Tet Offensive, Mini Tet. The Doors and The Jefferson Airplane blasted us. Hendrix preached experience. Flynn and I shared a flat on Tu Do, the Reeperbahn/Oxford Street main drag of Saigon. We grew wiser, took on dove attitudes, spending weekends at a Daoist peace island in the Mekong Delta, putting the war at arm's length. Mr Long, our opium man, would often be found at the flat in the evenings laying demons to dreams.

I was blasted out of the zone by a booby trap anti-tank mine. Flynn rushed down from Laos with a Buddha for my bedside before deciding to call it quits and go the Indonesian route, opting for Jakarta and Bali beachfront house. He would settle on the beach and practise what he had mindfully learnt, secure that few except close friends could penetrate his privacy.

He was to go back one more time to pack up the Tu Do flat. An old buddy, a real hard core photog, Dana Stone was also back for a last spasm.

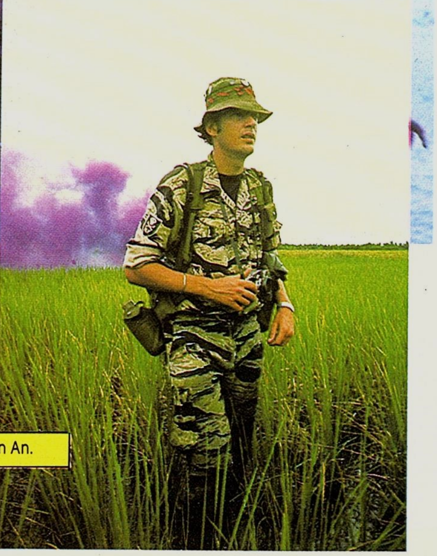

Dana Stone catches some incoming sun.

It was 1970 and Cambodia was slipping into a deepening black chasm. Lon Nol threw a coup, Sihanduk took to the maquis with the Khmer Rouge. You could take a Mercedes or a bike to the front and be back in Phnom Penh for cocktails. You could be captured and be released weeks later with a fantastic story, or you could go down the road on the perfect quest and get ambushed, captured, executed. Flynn and Stone both got assignments out of Time and CBS respectively. Both took Hondas up Route 1 into the Parrot's Beak, the jut of Cambodian territory opposite Saigon, and both got scarfed up by a VC/NC squad. They were never seen again after a French TV crew overheard them arguing about heading back up the road to the border.


The point where Flynn and Stone were captured.

The victims we never saw — the Vietnamese people.

Da Nang, 1966. Tim Page (centre) blown apart once more by a grenade blast. Left: Major Mad Mike Molloy, right: Sean Flynn.


1968. Tim Page with 9th Division near Tan An.

In next month's Knave, Tim Page recalls last year's journey back to Cambodia and his personal quest to discover the eventual fate of Sean Flynn and Dana Stone.

PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 7

We lay back satisfied, and fucked again later that night.

Unfortunately, the following morning, I had to catch my flight back home. However, I had time for one more fuck with Tina first, and hopefully did my bit for Anglo-American relations. — *G.S., N. Ireland.*

The Thrill Of Hot Love

Jan, my wife, and myself had arranged to see our friends for the weekend, when John phoned to say that Patsie had to go away for the weekend and could we cancel. Instead of cancelling we decided to go and see John just for the Saturday evening. Although Patsie is only 21, John is a lot older at about 54, with us being in our late 30's.

When we arrived at John's we started talking and the subject of photography was mentioned. I said that Jan and I like a good photo session. John said that he had taken several photos of Patsie, and would we like to see some. He left the room and returned with a large pile of photos. We started looking at shots of Patsie in her swimsuit, topless on the beach and several shots of her in her undies, in the bedroom. Both Jan and I remarked how lovely Patsie looked, and John asked if we would like to see some more daring shots. We both agreed that we would.

John left the room and whilst he was out Jan told me she was feeling very horny. John returned with another pile of photos, these were a lot bolder, with Patsie in the nude and others of her naked on the bed with her legs apart, showing a lovely shaved fanny. In several of her photos Patsie had her fingers up her cunt and others showed her open legged with a huge dildo up her hairless fanny.

By this time I was getting very horny and could feel my prick growing in my trousers. Jan was looking rather flushed and didn't object when I started to run my hand up her stocking clad leg. I ventured further and reached inside her now wet panties, her fanny was so wet that my finger easily slid between her lips and into her waiting cavern. Jan let out a squeal of pleasure. John looked up, realised what was happening and went and sat in a chair opposite so that he had a better view.

Jan lay back on the sofa and spread her legs. I pulled her panties to one side and carried on slowly sliding my fingers into her lovely shaven fanny. After several minutes of watching us, John got up and left the room returning shortly with a huge dildo, the same dildo we had seen earlier up Patsie's cunt. Jan noticed this, smiled and removed her panties.

John came over and inserted this huge dildo into Jan's waiting, wet fanny. By the noise Jan was making, she must have climaxed almost straight away. Whilst John was keeping Jan on a high, I undressed and went over and put my hard cock into Jan's mouth to stop the neighbours complaining about the noise. She eagerly started to chew on my throbbing prick. John removed the dildo and got undressed, between us we both stripped Jan. She got off the settee and knelt on all fours, on the floor. She eagerly took John's erect prick into her mouth and started sucking for all she was worth. With her lovely rear end in the air it was too much for me to resist, so I entered her soaking wet fanny and slowly began to fuck her.

Jan let out a loud scream as she climaxed. John then entered Jan's lovely love tunnel and began fucking her hard. Her screams of pleasure were getting very loud, so I again entered my prick into her waiting mouth. John was getting faster with his actions, and sensing that John was about to come, Jan pushed back and took all John's come up that lovely fanny of hers.

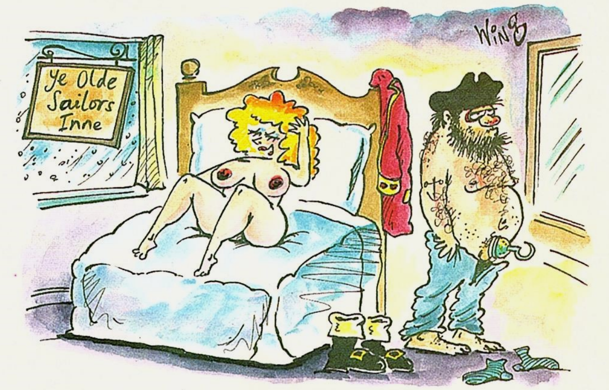
John withdrew and I took his place at this hairless cunt. As I entered I could feel both John's and Jan's juices gushing out of this beautiful woman and running over my balls. Jan took of John's cock and started to suck it like a lollipop whilst I was fucking her for all my worth. Eventually, I could feel my cock getting fatter as I was about

▷ 28

JOKER

When I was young, me dad said to me, "Don't go to Soho 'cos you might see something you shouldn't."

So I went, and I saw something I shouldn't have. Me dad!



"It's nice to see a pirate without a wooden leg, or a hook for a change!"

MY FAVOURITE PANTS: Welcome to My Favourite Pants, the spot where we get a sort of gussety Antiques Roadshow feel to the magazine and ask models to dig out their fave knicks and tell us about them . . .

Kathy from our Good & Greasy Special:

"My Favourite Pants would have to be the white cotton and lace ones you see me wearing in this set. I've dallied with silk and nylon over the years, but generally find that nylon knickers can make you sweat a bit more and give you a horrible chafe. Silk was nice, but a bit too absorbant around the crotch area for me, and my boyfriend tended to rip them when he took me across the kitchen table of a Friday evening. So I went back to cotton. They don't cut into the cheeks of my bum, but form a smooth, sexy line down to my pussy. I can't say that I notice any discomfort around the strengthened gusset, and I don't have any of those awful panty wrinkles. Personally, I don't regret the decision at all."

PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 27

unload my wad of come into this gorgeous woman's cunt. As I was about to come, I withdrew my cock and shot my load over Jan's waiting bum cheeks. We all collapsed exhausted. After hearing what we had been up to, Patsie said she wasn't going to miss the next time, but that's another story.

— *P.T., London.*

Martial Arts Muff

Here's the story of how I met my lover. I am a twenty year old student at a large university in Yorkshire. I had a boyfriend at my home in Manchester but, to be honest, things had grown a bit stale between us. We'd been going out for three years, and he'd started becoming a bit predictable. I began to get the feeling he just wanted me for sex, and so when I moved away from home I had a welcome break and some time to think. I still loved him, and I wasn't actively searching for a new man, but the way things turned out that was exactly what I found!

Soon after I got to University, I joined the martial arts club. I was keen to learn some self-defence and to keep active, and the club is run in the gym at the hall of residence where I am staying, so I don't have far to walk to the twice-weekly sessions. I soon became interested in one of the advanced students, who was often given the task of teaching us novices some basic moves. One evening Mike was teaching us a "leg sweep" in which you take the opponents' legs from under them as they try to kick you. I was having some difficulty, so he offered to demonstrate the move on me. As I kicked, he neatly side-stepped and grabbed hold of my leg, but instead of completing the technique, he stopped and began to explain how I should fall without hurting myself, pinning my leg to the side of his body all the time. The way he was holding me, the proximity of his hot body and hairy chest started my pussy juices flowing. As he softly talked I felt myself beginning to go weak at the knees, not a good idea if, as I did, you literally have only one leg to stand on. I grabbed onto his suit to steady myself, but he completed the technique and moved on. I made up my mind there and then to catch him, but I didn't get my chance till some weeks later.

I knew he had a large motorbike, and I've always wanted to ride one, but had somehow never had the chance. One evening near Christmas I got talking to him about his bike (the one real love of his life) after the training session. It is beautifully styled, with a massive screen, loads of luggage space, and all sorts of electronic gadgets. He's fitted himself a helmet-to-helmet intercom, a radio and a cassette player. I asked if it was a boy or a girl, and he told me, "Definitely a woman." "How can you be so sure?" I asked. "It has beautiful curves, goes like a rocket and keeps me broke!" he replied.

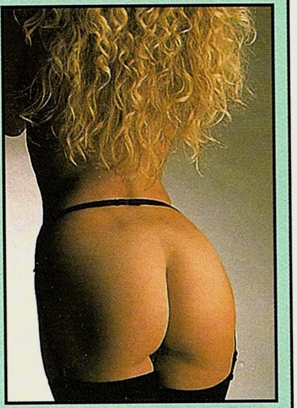
I told him about my ambition to ride on the back of a bike, and he offered to give me the chance to fulfil my dream. Outside, I swung my leg over the tank and moved up onto the comfortable pillion seat. Mike thumbed the starter and we were off down the drive as I experienced my first taste of motorcyling. Again, Mike sitting close between my thighs, combined with the vibrations from the engine, soon had my cunt juices flowing, and I decided it was now or never. I asked him about where he lived, and he offered to take me round for "coffee".

The coffee was duly produced, and I sat across the room drinking as I squeezed my thighs together and wondered whether I should make the first move. I must have been staring off into space because he suddenly asked, "What are you thinking about?" "You," I said.

"Oh yes? Well, I've been thinking about you too. Why don't you come over here and tell me what you're thinking?" he uttered.

I sat next to him on the bed and held his hand. No more words were necessary as his hand reached up to the nape of my neck and brought my face close to his. The first kiss was gentle and tender, but we were soon passionately entwined in a lustful embrace. His hand wormed its way inside my jumper and crept towards my breasts, and as he gently brushed the nipple I thought I was going to explode. My hands tore at his white shirt and I plunged my face into the forest of chest hair I had seen so many times in the gym, but now it was all mine! We pulled each other's jeans off and rolled around the bed, kissing and stroking one another. His prick was rock hard and searing hot by this time, and I dearly wanted him inside me, but

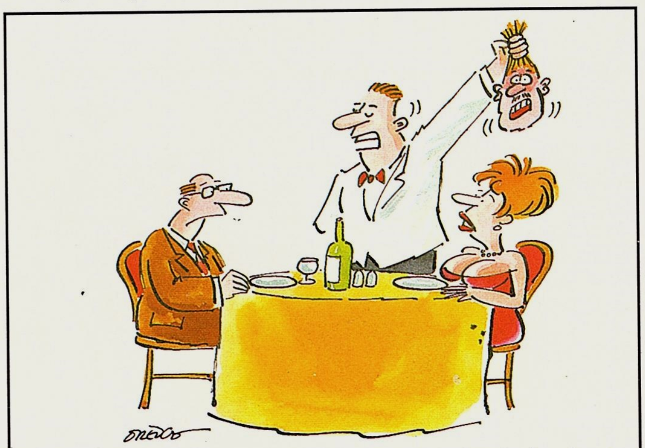
The Editor's Arse!



I almost wept when I saw the sick, demented scratchings you lot sent in for this issue. We can't print that, I thought, leafing through the stained letters. Okay, okay, so I'm lying. Yes, just I'm flexing my editorial muscles in a power crazed, megalomaniac kind of way so I can include a bott shot that I find rather pleasant.

As you already know, this section is for you lot. I expect you to flick through this issue or the next one, select your favourite behind from its pages and write and let us know. If you win, we'll dig out a pic of said bum and your prize will be a pair of knickers. But not just any knicks, no, sir. These will have caressed the pudenda of one of our fair models, and you can either have 'em sent to you washed or unwashed — just let us know. Now c'mon, can you think of another magazine which looks after its readers as much as we do? Thought not.

Just sent your entries to: My 'Arris, Knave, Galaxy Publications, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.



"The management apologises most profusely for the under cooked vegetables and the tasteless sauce, and hope that you will accept the chef's head with our compliments!"

TINA

JOKER

After a fucking session with her boyfriend the girl threw the used rubber out of the window, only to see a small boy pick it up. Horrified, she covered her orbs with a towel and called down to the small boy.

"Hey, sonny, if you bring that, er . . ."

Suddenly she was lost for words, hardly wishing to use the word "rubber" in front of a small boy or for that matter, any of the other synonyms for such a piece of equipment.

Then she had a brainwave, "Er, sonny if you bring that éclair up here, I'll give you a pound for it."

So the boy rushed up to the room and handed over the Johnny. When he got home the boy shouted to his mother, "Hey mommy, guess what? Some woman gave me a pound for an éclair just now, and I'd already sucked all the cream out of it!"

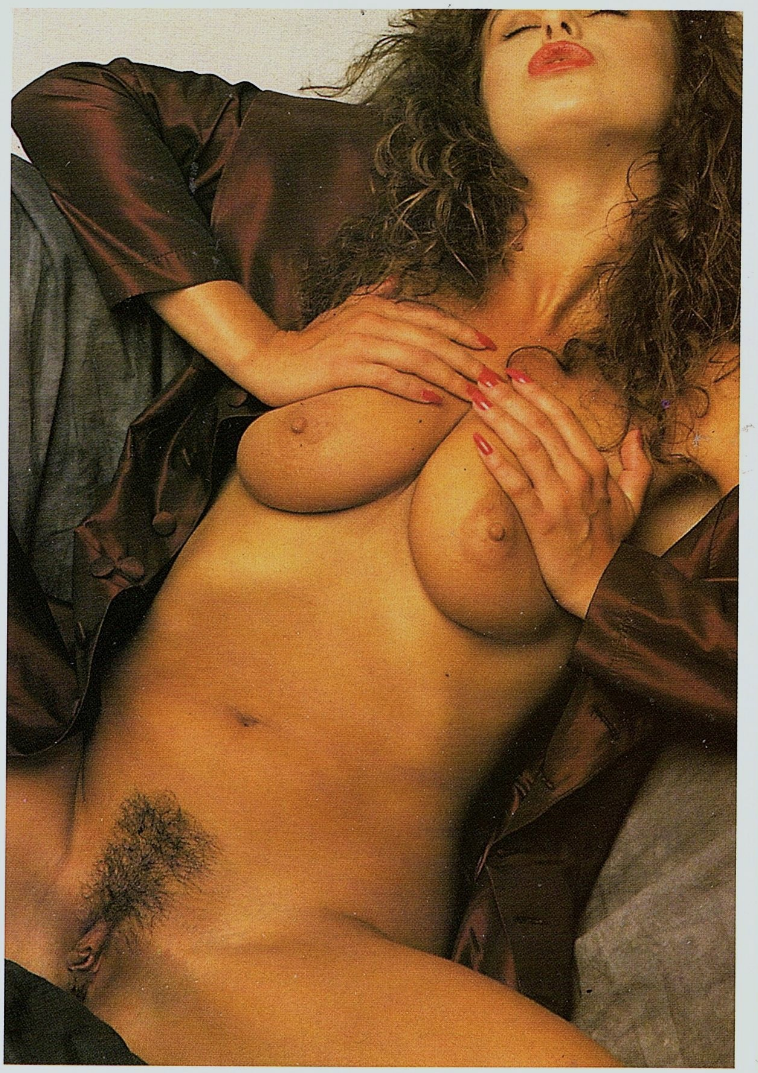
he didn't seem to be getting any further. I thought he might not expect me to fuck on the first "date", so I decided to make my move.

"Have you got any condoms?" I asked. "Yes. Oh no!" he stuttered. "What is it?" I wanted to know. "You won't believe this, but they're outside in the bike!" he replied. So, with his raging erection before him, he put on his black towelling bath robe and ran downstairs to the car park. I lay fingering myself for what seemed like an age, but he soon burst through the door with his manhood still proud and leaped onto the bed.

"I love it when you're so forward," he said as he rolled the Durex on and swung his leg over me. "Not so fast," I told him, "you've given me a ride already this evening. Now it's my turn!" I pushed him onto his back and straddled him. With one hand I held my cunt open and with the other I guided the bulging head of his tool between my lips. I swear I heard hissing as it entered me, and I slowly lowered myself down onto his cock. I started to ride him, very slowly at first, clamping down with my cunt muscles as I moved up, and relaxing as I let it slide back into me. I picked up speed

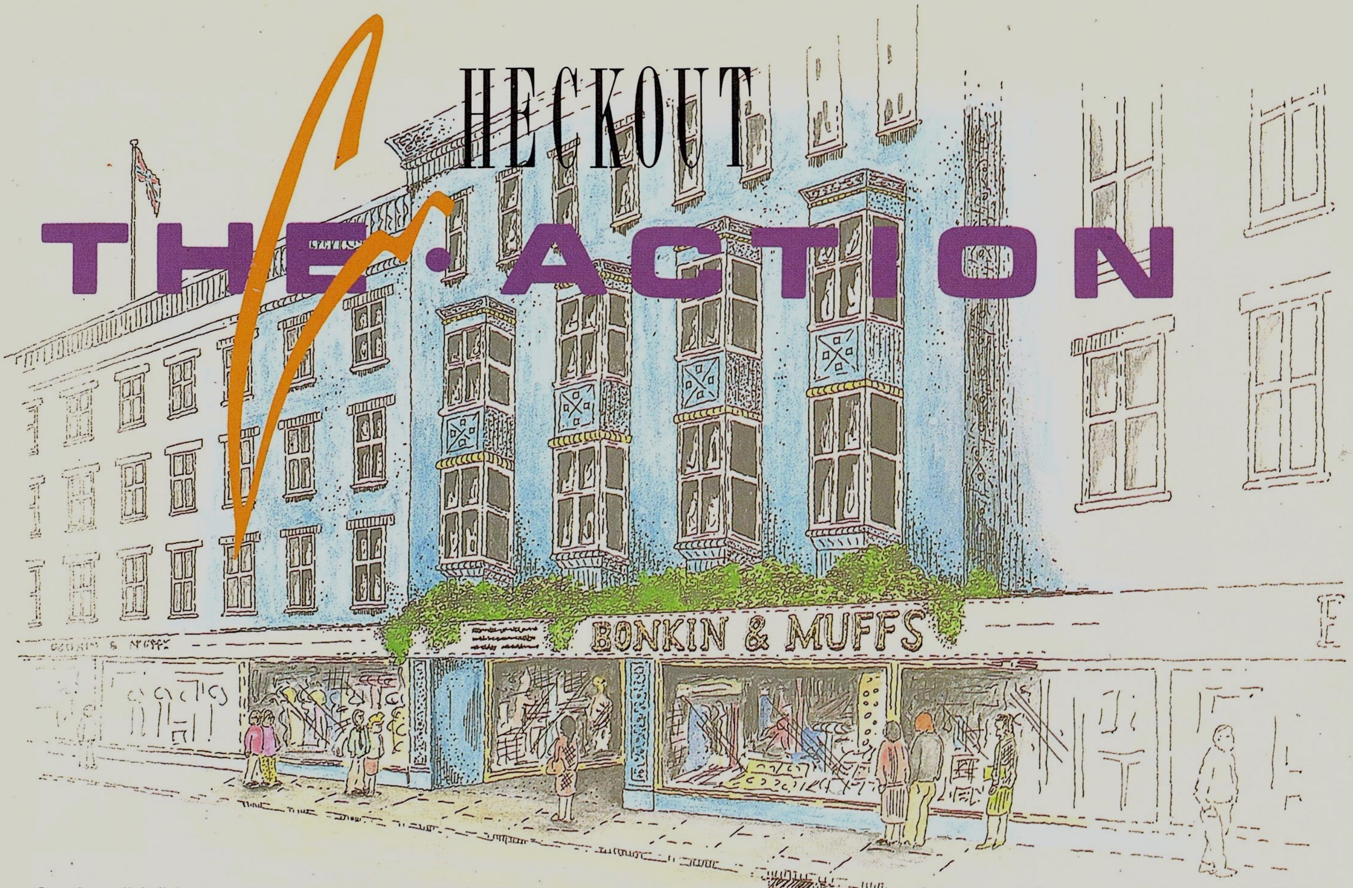
Too much, too fuckin' soon, that's wot it was, mate. I hadn't had a long, hard stare at a big, fat vag for ages — oooh, at least half and hour, or so. Well, I goes and has a quick peek at Tina and

her charming charms, and what happens? I vomit jiz, out of the end of my semi-erect, half-flaccid cock into me brand new £30 boxers. My mum's gonna fucking well kill me.



Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

THE CHECKOUT ACTION



Bonkin & Muffs is an old-fashioned department store in an unfashionable market town. But life within the store is nowhere near as genteel as it appears on the surface. An orgy is going on in the Food Department between Jean from the cheese counter, her boss, the one-legged Mr Madrid, Jimmy the lift attendant, and two respectable middle-aged customers. Meanwhile, Amanda Legg from Perfumery, who lusts after Gordon, has just spied him secretly stroking his prick, and the sight is too much for her. Now read on . . .

Gordon didn't know whether to run or duck when Amanda took a flying leap and launched her voluptuous body at him, 38 D-cups first. Her shiny red lips clamped to his like a squid's suckers, while her obscenely wiggling form moulded itself to his body. In a frenzy of frustrated lust, she thrust her hand down the front of his grey flannel trousers and, to her considerable surprise, touched, instead of the expected cotton briefs or boxers, softest silk which appeared to have no fly opening. Swiftly and expertly undoing Gordon's trousers and tugging them down his thighs, she exposed the garment and recognised it as one of the most expensive items in a range of ladies' underwear which *Bonkin & Muffs* had just imported from France. She was wearing exactly the same pair herself, in peach rather than the delicate pink shade Gordon was sporting.

"AMANDA THRUST ONE OF HER NIPPLES TOWARDS GORDON'S LIPS."

"Snap!" she cried, flicking up her skirt.

Gordon's face was scarlet as he desperately tried to get his trousers fastened before any customers arrived.

Amazingly, rather than putting Amanda off Gordon, the sight of him in women's panties inflamed her passions even more. He must be really kinky, she thought, wondering what other surprises he had up his sleeve — or rather, his trouser leg.

"Get off me," he pleaded, embarrassment softening his hard on.

Amanda's answer was to grab his arm and haul him into one of the fitting rooms. She thrust him down on a chair, wrenched open the front of her blouse, revealing a delicate silk bra which matched her French knickers, scooped out one of her soft, warm breasts and thrust the nipple towards Gordon's lips, commanding, "Suck me, baby."

"Ulp," was his reply as the hard, rosy nipple plugged his mouth. Nothing like this had ever happened to the bashful bachelor before. He felt quite terrified of this raven blonde female who had all the curvaceous attributes he so coveted for himself. Gordon, despite his years, hadn't had much sexual experience. All his life, he had been scared to ask girls out for fear of being turned down. Who would have guessed that, eleven days short of his thirty-eigth birthday, he would have the best looking girl in the place trying to ravish him — and wearing his favourite underwear, too!

CHECKOUT THE ACTION

The excitement was too much. Despite his fears, a sodding great male stonker was developing within the feminine silk of his drawers. Amanda flipped up her skirt, spread her legs and sat over his lap, rubbing her silk-clad fanny against his bulge. He could feel the dampness of her crotch soaking through the expensive material, the hungering heat of her seeking hole. His prick reared its head and twitched.

Forgetting his self-consciousness, Gordon tugged his pants down, exposing a neat, hard, shiny tool of just under eight inches which he slid up the wide leg of Amanda's knickers. She squealed as she felt his firm knob parting her pussy fur and butting its way into her tight quim.

"Oh Gordon, take me, fuck me, make me come," she moaned, her excited cunt releasing a spurt of love fluid which moistened Gordon's taut shaft and trickled down to his balls. She jiggled up and down on him, clutching his shoulders and twisting her bum this way and that, her internal muscles clamping round his prick like his own wanking hand.

There was no way Gordon could exercise self-control. He was way beyond that. Feeling his knob swelling and his balls tingling, he gave himself up to a great, shooting orgasm, pumping Amanda's lively quim full of fresh cream.

She came at the same time, raking her nails down his back, biting his ear, drenching him with her musky juices. Then, shaking, she sank down with her head on his shoulder.

"I love you, Gordon. I'd like to dress you up in my clothes," she panted.

"All right then," he found himself agreeing. Maybe he had found his dream woman at last, he thought.

Meanwhile, in the Food Department, five exhausted people had slaked their lusts and were straightening their clothes.

"Ahem! A pound of Farmhouse Cheddar, please," requested Evelyn Foulkes, as her husband Reggie extracted a pubic hair from between his front teeth after the frenzied bout of cunnilingus he had just treated her to.

"Yes, madam," muttered Jean shakily, aware that her

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Quickly
FRED MIZEN

legs were trembling and that sticky substances were wending a trickly trail down the insides of her mottled thighs.

Jimmy crammed a now flaccid phallus back into his pants and was just about to march off and take up his post in the lift when a Spanish voice was heard to complain, "What about me? You can't leave me here without my leg!"

Mr Madrid's wooden leg had last been seen in the custody of two scarpering youths, and without it he was helpless.

"Try this," said Jimmy, callously tossing him a long French loaf and walking off.

In the Managing Director's office, a purple-faced Montague Mann was surveying the naked, dripping, blubbery, sobbing form of Cynthia Harbuttle, drenched with filthy flower water from the vase Lilian had flung over her.

"Those *wretched* women!" she wailed, pulling a dead leaf off her left tit, "they spoiled everything. Oh, Montague . . . I've waited so long for us to be together like this . . ."

Mann was fastening his clothes as fast as he could. He liked skinny girls. Nothing had prepared him for a sight like the stout, middle-aged Cynthia. Now, if it had been Wendy from Lighting . . .

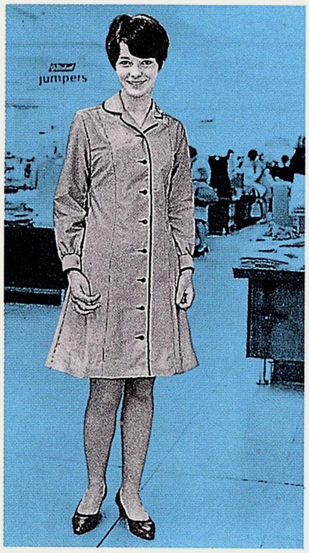
"Get dressed, woman," he commanded gruffly. He thought she looked ridiculous, sobbing at his feet like this with her enormous rear in the air, like a pink hippopotamus.

"Please, let's meet in private. I won't tell your wife. You could come round to my flat," she begged.

"We'll see," said Mann, praying that he'd be able to find a cast iron excuse not to. A terminal attack of gout, perhaps. Or gonorrhoea. Actually, he wouldn't need an excuse. He only had to think of Cynthia in the nude to get terminal impotence.

"I'll, er . . . leave you to put your clothes on," he muttered, striding out of his office.

"GORDON SLID HIS SHINY, EIGHT INCH TOOL UP THE WIDE LEG OF AMANDA'S KNICKERS."



After he'd gone, Cynthia flung herself prostrate on the carpet, several square feet of flab a-quiver as she cried. She didn't hear the door open, or the voice that murmured, "Cor, fuck me!" All she was aware of was a naked body flinging itself on top of her. She knew it was male by the patch in the chest region that tickled her back, and an article which felt like a broom handle prodding through the spare tyres until it found her damp and palpitating cunt and buried itself within.

"Oh Montague, you've come back!" she sighed rapturously.

"No, it's Phil and I'll come on your back if you like," was the cheeky reply.

Well, any port in a storm, thought Cynthia philosophically, and felt her eyes miraculously begin to dry in direct proportion to the growing wetness between her legs.

"CYNTHIA LOOKED RIDICULOUS, SOBBING NAKED AT HIS FEET WITH HER ENORMOUS REAR IN THE AIR."

It was afternoon tea break and Lilian, Selina and Pam had managed to take theirs at the same time.

"God, when I saw old Halibut squashing the daylights out of old Mann's wedding tackle, I thought I was going to die laughing," chortled Lilian, "by the way, Selina, what happened with your drawers?"

"I 'borrowed' a pair from the lingerie department, didn't I? It's okay, I'll rinse 'em tonight and pop 'em back on the shelf tomorrow. No-one'll ever know. I've washed the wet pair out. They're over the radiator in the lav. Don't nick 'em, anyone."

"Blimey, who'd want to?" said Lilian.

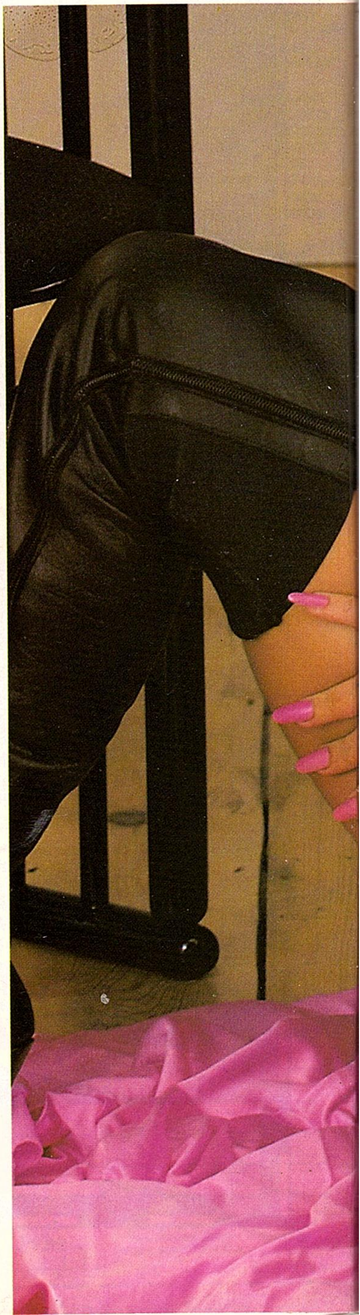
"I can think of a few fellers who might," snorted Selina, "talking of which, it's got to be a man who put that exploding powder on the floor. Anyone got any idea who? 'Cos if I find the geezer what did it, I'll have his bollocks for earrings."

Auburn-haired Pam was looking thoughtful as she curled her tongue round a phallic shaped choc bar. "Who do we all know who's childish, who's got a lavatorial sense of humour, who's never grown up?" she said, gazing thoughtfully at her friends.

Have they guessed the identity of the practical joker? Will Cynthia ever manage to have a fuck without getting caught at it? Will Montague Mann get to grips with the rampant Wendy? Where will Mr Madrid's wooden leg turn up next? Don't miss next month's saucy instalment of *Check-Out The Action.*

AGATHA

Photographed by
DANIEL MAYOR



Agatha Christie knew a thing or three about crime. Especially the horror of zombie death troopers invading quiet Yugoslavian villages. But that kind of thing never sold, so she stuck to crime novels.

Our Agatha is an altogether different kind of gal, more used to the cut and thrust of international tadpole racing than crime. Not a pretty hobby, unlike Agatha, who's pretty enough for all of us. Especially us fellow tadpole racers.

Naked City Limits

Every year we have to sit through the same old baloney in the form of Miss World. Well, you can stuff all that nonsense. What we want, no, what we need is Miss Nude World! DAG OHRLUND, our very own globe-trotting snapper, took his camera and notebook to Naked City, California, to watch the judging . . . the lucky sod!

"Of course, I hope I'll win, but I can see that the competiton looks hard, if you know what I mean . . ."

Wise words from the stunning blonde Miss Sweden. The nude 19 year old casts her gaze around the pool. Everywhere she looks there are beautiful naked girls with slim bodies, long legs and firm, heavy breasts. It's a photographer's fantasy!

Saturday afternoon in sunny California at Dick Drost's legendary 'Naked City', a homage to nude beauty, and today is the Miss Nude World pageant. A mass of gorgeous flesh, put on display for our appreciation and cameras. You just can't help smiling. Where else could this happen but in California?

The contestants have come from across the world to vie for the title: the US, Canada, Columbia, Sweden, France . . . the list goes on. Canada is well represented by the incredible Brenda Lee, a well known model and winner of several normal beauty contests before participating in this one. Marked down as the favourite, she's busily posing for all the photographers before the judging starts.

When the famous founder and owner of Naked City, Dick Drost, arrives in his wheelchair, the competition begins.

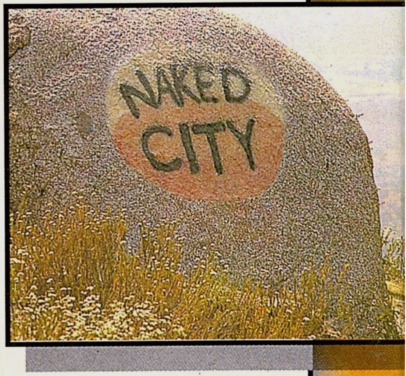
This is where the fun starts! One by one, the girls file up and sit in Dick's lap and talk about the first thing that comes up. Actually, it's Dick's job to ask them various questions about sex, politics and the universe, and get the girls to talk about themselves. Although the sitting on the knee bit is a common sight at the desks of the Knave staffers! (*We wish! — Ed*).

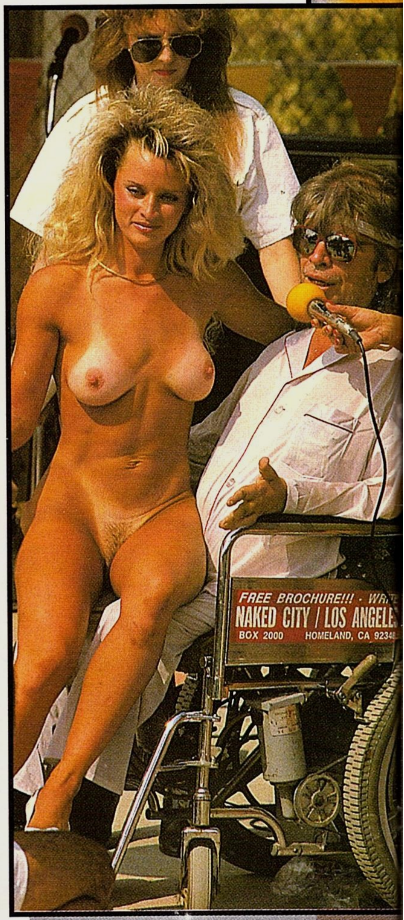
After the short interview, each girl walks slowly around the swimming pool, pausing to allow the photographers a chance to snap off a few shots. Miss Canada and Miss Sweden are both popular amongst the photogs, thanks to their obvious attributes. Miss Colombia, a dusky 19 year old from Bogota, gets a fair share of clicking lenses, too. Especially when she flips into a handstand to give everyone a good, long look at her tantalising pussy!

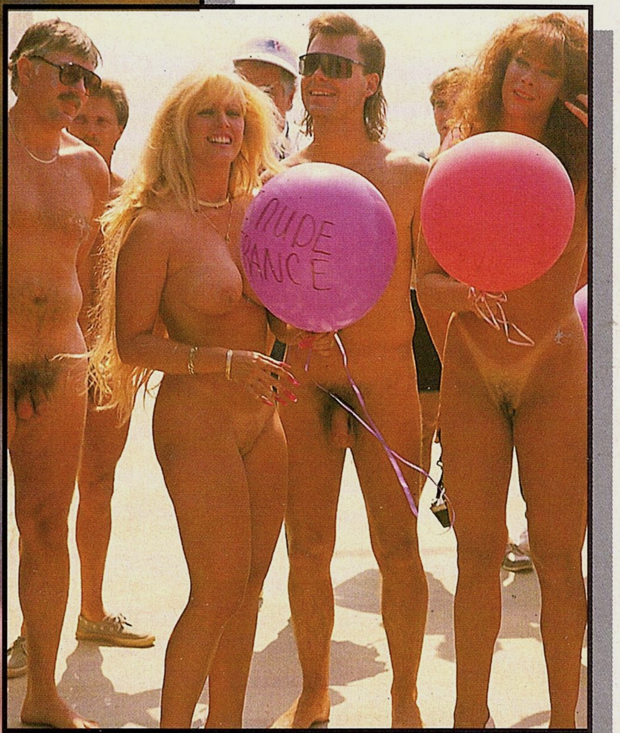
Once the parade is over, the judges cast their votes. The result? A unanimous decision sees Brenda Lee, Miss Canada, win the title. Miss Sweden scoops second place, and Miss Colombia and Miss France stay abreast on third.

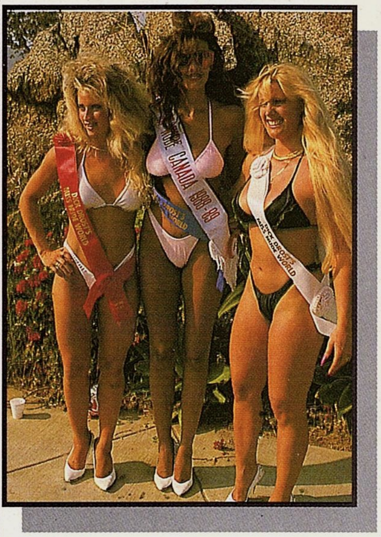
The first prize is only $500, plus an expenses paid trip to some exotic location, second prize is $200, and third place receives $100. But it's the exposure that counts! And as the sun slowly sets over Naked City, the girls keep on posing for the snappers, and each one has her own little trick to make sure the lenses stay pointed at her.

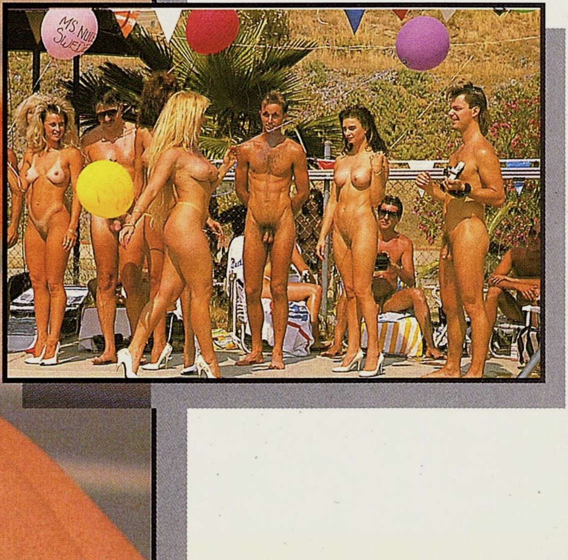
As for me, I took another 1000 rolls of film and went off and had an ice cold shower. Somehow I reckon I'm getting a little too old for this job!



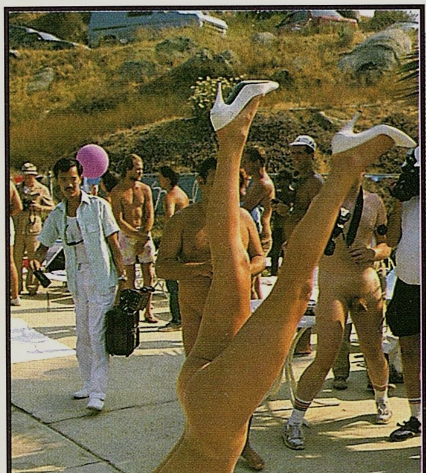


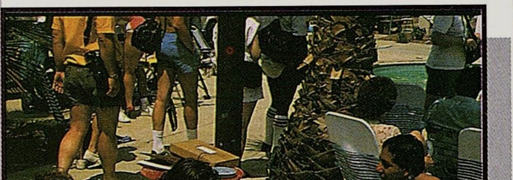

NUDE DANCE

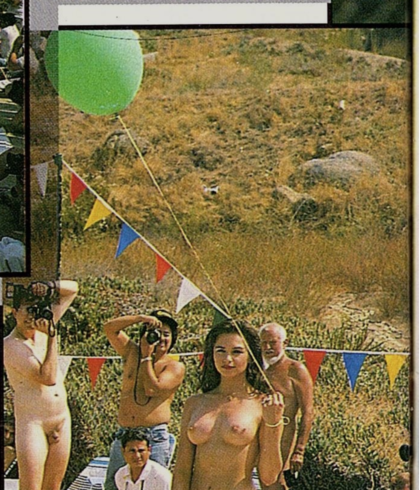




Naked City Limits

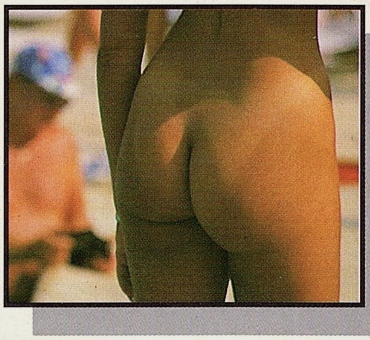






DICK DROST'S
MISS NUDE W

FIRST PLACE



TABITHA

The best thing about bathing with Tabitha is that it's a cheap and cheerful way of cleansing both body and soul. Her jolly personality shines through any problems one might have with the world at large, whether it's that nasty letter from the opticians that you can't read, or a final demand for payment on the deep fat dishwasher you ordered and never received.

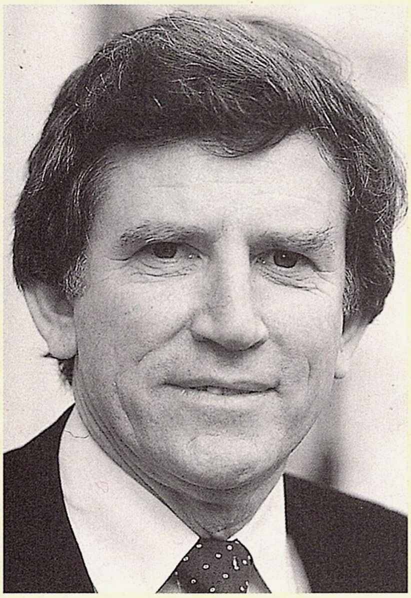
Photographed by JIMINEE FREEMAN

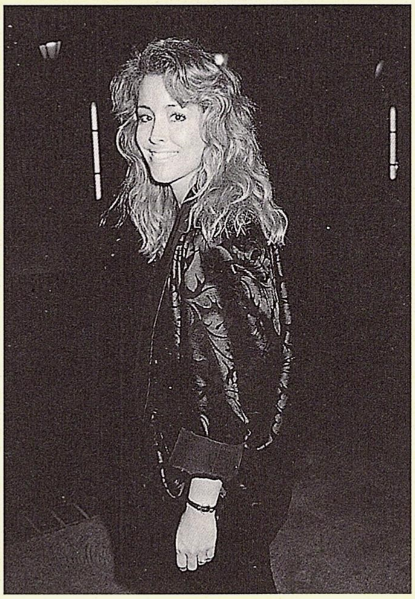
TABITHA
KNAVE

THEY SLEPT THEIR WAY TO FAME

Gary Hart & Donna Rice

EVERYONE LIKES A JUICY SCANDAL, ESPECIALLY THE TABLOIDS, since that's what sells them. As a country, we're pre-occupied with the sexploits of the rich and famous, usually because it proves they're every bit as vulnerable as we are. In this series, BRIAN O'HANLON explores the publicly private lives of some well-known faces . . .





Cynics used to say of British politicians that the Tories ran away with the tarts, the Socialists with the till, when scandal time was with us once more.

But in the good ole U.S. of A they really do things in style. There, it's THE BIMBO FACTOR. Good time girl Donna Rice might still have the face that could launch a thousand ships but she sure torpedoed the career of charismatic Gary hart, the Democrats' front runner in the 1988 presidential race.

The story is too good to have been made up. Ms. Rice and Senator Gary spent the night, as well as a few days, aboard a million dollar yacht, *Monkey Business*. The *Miami Herald* heard about it, and in the best traditions of frank and fearless tabloid journalism, decided that John Q. Public had a right to know.

The rest, as they say, is history. The senator withdrew his candidacy, Ms Rice's endearing young charms were splashed across the front page of every paper in the country, those timeless harridans, the Mothers of America, almost drowned in their own pool or moral outrage . . . and Governor Michael Dukakis took a terrible beating from the far from charismatic George Bush, whose, "Lemme alone guys, give a guy a break willya?" just about summed up one of the most nothing White House races of all time.

The good Gary pops up now and again when he has written another boring book. Donna is doing good deeds working for charity — and no wisecracks, please. They are both well and truly yesterday's people now that the Bush term of office has hit the halfway marker and

> "Donna, a booby, curvy, one-time brunette from the mid-West of America was a girl who liked the limelight . . ."

Americans' thoughts are far more concerned with American lives in the Middle East than the pecadilloes of the power hungry, and their popsies.

In July this year an exciting piece of American history was put up for sale at £720,000 — the aforementioned 85ft. yacht, the *Monkey Business*, with its rosewood panelled staterooms and a whirl-pool bath. It was, the yacht's owner commented, the same craft in which Gary Hart left the keys to The White House.

"John F. Kennedy's bedroom antics are now more talked about than his political achievements . . ."

"The boat has a character of its own. When you walk on board you really want to have a good time. The senator was not planning to even leave the dock that fateful day, but he went on board and the next thing he knew he was going to the Bahamas . . . end of career!" sighed yacht broker, Bob Rice (no relation to Donna) of Fort Lauderdale.

All the silly ass psychiatrists were asked to give forth in print when "beautiful American actress, Donna Rice (30), fell for US presidential candidate, Gary Hart — even though he was 22 years older, and married."

Donna dearest is now an *actress* already. She went on to "become a top model", we are breathlessly informed.

"It would be strange if women DIDN'T fall for successful and powerful males. From a biological point of view it makes wonderful sense. A man with power, status, and strength is likely to have very good genes, and make a very good father."

"Biologists call such a man the Alpha Male because he always comes first in everything — including his career." opined psychiatrist, Jane Firbank, citing Pamella Bordes, Fawn Hall, and the 29 year old soft porn star, Jessica Hahn, who brought the multi million dollar empire of TV evangelist, Jim Bakker, crashing about his ears when he seduced her.

But Donna Rice, alone, did not finish Gary Hart. She crystallised doubts. Donna, a booby, curvy, one-time brunette from the mid-West of America was a girl who liked the limelight, the rubbing shoulders with people who matter. She probably does not deserve her 'Bimbo of Bimini' tag. Hart's story was hardly Greek tragedy with its soap-opera overtones.

Gary Hart was born in Troublesome Gulch, Colorado, and is now a Denver lawyer with a very sound practice. On meeting him one feels more than a twinge of sympathy for his politcal failure. It was, in fact, the suggestion of irregular campaign finances that finally sank him, not the Bimbo Factor, but it was undoubtedly the Bimbo Factor which caught the attention of the American press.

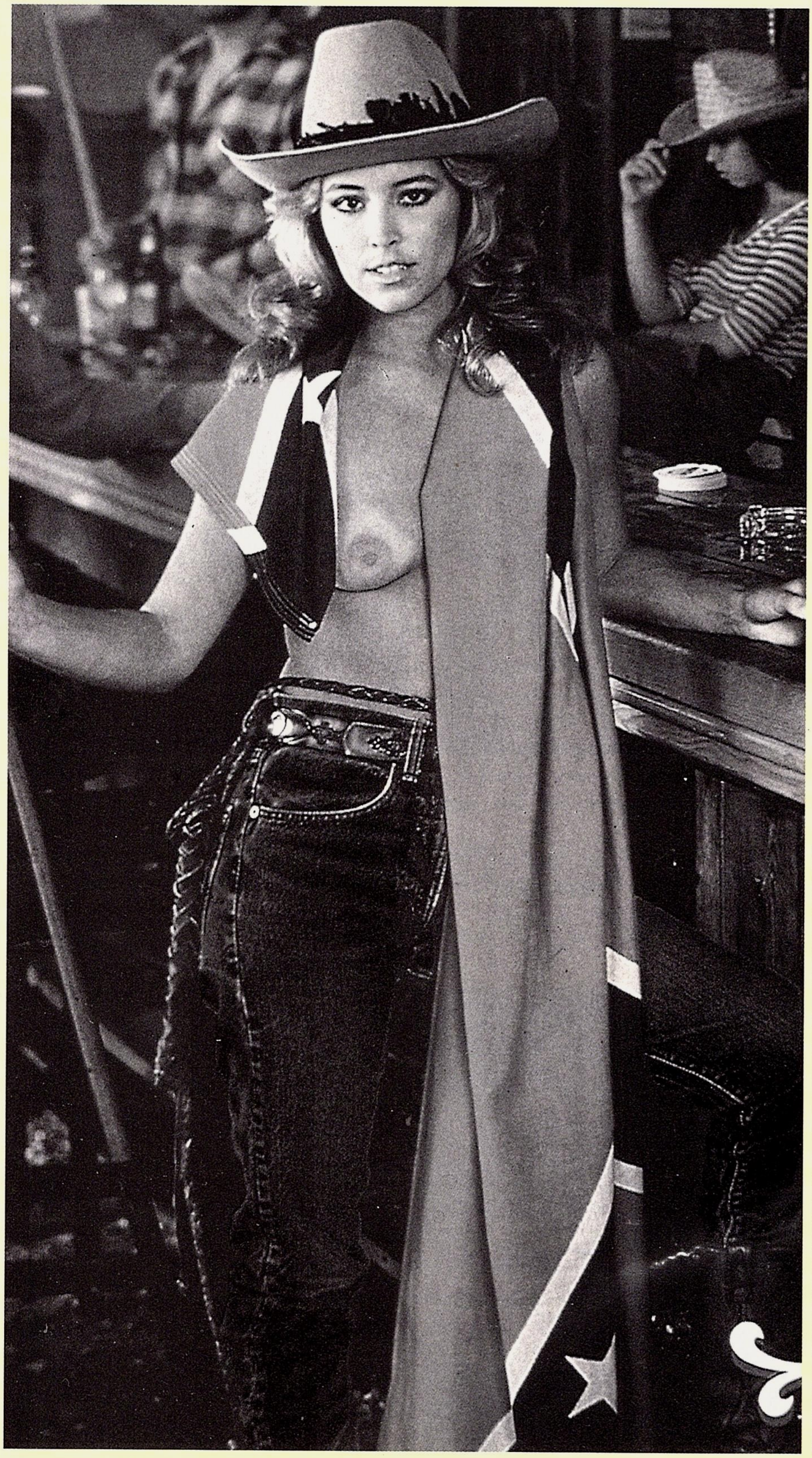
His own involvement with Donna he still regards as nobody's business but their own.

"The notion of 'character' is an invention to justify the activities of those people who want to surveil you." he grated.

There seemed little reason to think that a man who could not

THEY SLEPT THEIR WAY TO FAME

Gary Hart & Donna Rice



be faithful to his wife could not become a good President. John F. Kennedy's bedroom antics are now more talked about than his political achievements, and Thomas Jefferson was said to have sired five children by a black slave. In Britain we need look no further back than David Lloyd-George in the first decades of this present century.

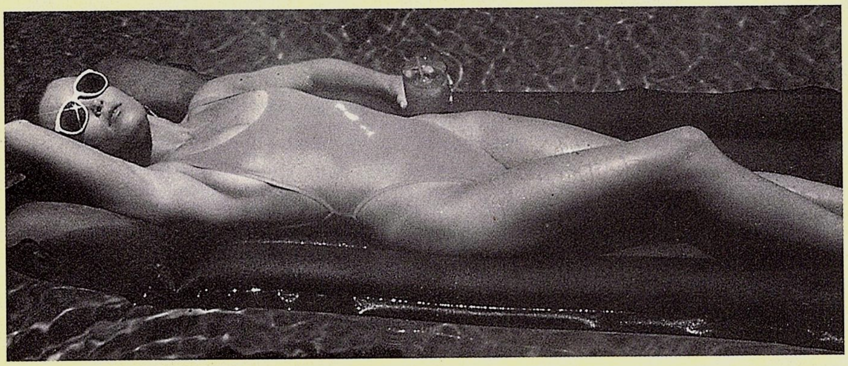
Washington eyebrows are once more being raised at the behaviour of Donna Rice, who is again seen to be hurrying and scurrying into darkened and exclusive doorways. Not that there is a hint that Ms. Rice is indulging in any more monkey business. Unlikely as it may sound, she is doing voluntary work for charity. Spurning the lucrative fame embraced by her fellow bimbo Fawn Hall, Donna is spending a lot of time working for Challenge International, which helps people who are experiencing a physical, mental, spiritual, or emotional crisis. A close friend told a reporter a few months back that Donna had been through an extremely traumatic experience. "She is helping herself as much as others, and it's good therapy for her."

The charity's founder, Mary Doremus, was quoted as saying, "Donna wears a sweatsuit, her hair is piled up on top of her head, and is not afraid to get dirty . . ."

> "My childhood was exactly like *Happy Days* on TV, the 1950s teen sitcom . . .".

One instinctively knows that Donna Rice, still a physical force in her thirties, will always be attracted to, and by, men. Hers is the sort of name experienced news editors get their junior reporters to look up once a year in the cuttings library. The years go on, the subject gets older, but still photographs well. Whatever she may do subsequently she will always be remembered for the thing that first brought her fame.

Hart was over here promoting his then latest book in December 1988. he came to grey, damp. London from the snow of Colorado, where he stepped out of the Christmas fir-treed scenery of the Hart homestead at Troublesome Gulch. He is charismatic and however much we may dislike the word we know exactly what it means when someone uses it about somebody else. Hart's list of British friends are very much charismatic people, themselves. They include Lord Weidenfeld and the Harold Pinters — Lady Antonia is a very old friend.



He claims that the strict religious upbringing of his boyhood has been overplayed. "Our church wasn't fundamentalist in the TV preacher sense. My childhood was exactly like *Happy Days* on TV, the 1950s teen sitcom featuring the Fonz. It was the Eisenhower era of peace and prosperity, a placid time."

It was really the *National Enquirer* who exposed the Hart/Rice sexual imbroglio by unearthing a photo of the presidential candidate with Donna sitting on his lap. Quite how the *Enquirer* got the damaging pic remains a mystery but then these are the same men who in May last year hired six helicopters and a photographer disguised as a llama in a field to get pictures of Hollywood star, Michael J. Fox's nuptials, to which they had expressedly not been invited.

Gary Hart continues to impress the more one reads about him. Sadly, for his own self-estimation, however, not because he is an authority on the Soviet Union or a Harvard *summa cum laude*. Dig, dig, dig, and what have we here?

Under a heading *New Hitching Post For The Urban Cowboy* is a head and shoulders shot of the shapely Debra Winger, wearing a black stetson and matching blouse that reveals her contours.

"There was a time when ambitious politicians with an eye on higher office were advised to take themselves a wife. This was an instruction the late Lord Boothy chose to interpret as meaning anyone's wife, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's spouse, Dorothy included."

"True to that old maxim, rising American Senator Bob Kerrey is involving himself with actress, Debra Winger. Their 'marriage' is only on a trial basis at the moment, although friends are predicting that the former governor of Nebraska will make an honest woman of the Urban Cowgirl (a television role Ms. Winger made her own) before he makes his expected bid for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1992."

"OSCAR NOMINEE WINGER, 34, WHOSE LIST OF ROMANTIC CONQUESTS INCLUDES RETIRED PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, GARY HART, was first with Kerrey back in the early 80s . . ."

This is where we came in, folks. Talking about her Bob the luscious Debbie says, "He'd make a terrific president. He has told me his plans to run probably in 1992 but definitely four years after that, and he wants us to be married before he makes the run . . ."

A certain Bimbo from Bimini called Donna must be eating her *hart* out . . .

PEN POWER PLUS

◁ 29

and soon we were both sweating and panting in a frenzy of lust. After about ten minutes of this treatment he grunted that he was close to coming, and I eased off, not wanting things to be over so soon. I sat back on his cock and stroked his chest for a while, until he told me, "I want you from behind now!"

I smiled and walked across the room. Turning and leaning over his desk, I thrust my bum out and started to finger fuck myself. He watched for a minute or two, and then came across to me, his prick glistening with my juices. Grabbing my hips, he positioned his knob at the entrance of my quim, and I braced myself for his forward thrust. When he came into me, it was so hard that I fell forward, knocking the remains of my coffee all over the desk. He pumped into me furiously, with the timbers of the desk squeaking in time to his thrusts. His angle of entry was not quite right for me to come though, but he seemed to have got the message when he led me back to the bed, still deep inside my muff.

JOKER

What's more repulsive than grease on Olivia Newton John?

Come on Eileen.

From the doggie position on the bed, we fell forward so that I was lying flat on my face. He expertly massaged my clit until I came with an ecstatic explosion. The contractions of my cunt triggered him off, and his meat swelled inside me as he shot his load with a groan that must surely have raised an eyebrow or two among his neighbours. We lay quietly like that for a while, then he moved off me and flicked the duvet over us both with his foot. He lay behind me and continued to stroke my tits and cunt as we talked, and soon enough, his willy was ready for another bout. "How would you like it this time, then . . .?" he asked.

We've been together for four months now, exploring all aspects of one another and having some brilliant sex, although we haven't got much work done between us since Christmas. One of our remaining fantasies is to fuck outside on his motorbike, but the weather is not really warm enough yet, and finding such secluded parking places is difficult round here. Maybe we'll write and let you know when we manage to get it together that way. — *M.W., Yorks.*

Two Virgins Humping

My girlfriend, Nicola, and I have been seeing each other for six months now, and, until recently, we were both virgins. I have had very little experience of the opposite sex, and Nicola has helped me to understand women.

Nicola would often visit me in my flat (I'm a student), and we would have lunch or dinner together, before kissing and cuddling. I would often place my hands on her 34″ breasts, and feel them through her bra, wondering what they looked and felt like bare. I imagined my tongue on her nipples, and her moans of pleasure as I sucked them into my warm mouth. Sometimes she would allow me to rub her pussy, albeit through her knickers. I loved the feel of her dampening panties, as my fingers explored her covered cunt, and I dreamed of licking and fucking it.

In return, Nicola massaged my hard cock, and, though she never removed my trousers, often made me come. I longed to put my cock deep inside her moist pussy.

Just recently, all of my dreams came true.

Nicola called me, and asked if she could come up to the flat. I said, "Of course." She arrived forty minutes later, at nine-thirty pm. We went straight to my bedroom where she sat down. I knelt beside her and stroked her legs, which were covered with black, stay-up stockings. She knows that this turns me on, and often gives me a flash of the top of her bare thighs. We chatted, and she uncrossed her legs, allowing my hand to slide slowly up her skirt, to caress her uncovered legs. I longed to go higher, but was too nervous.

"Rub my pussy, Doug," Nicola said.

This took my by surprise, but I obliged, slipping my hand up to her crotch. Her knickers were soaked with juices. I began to rub her cunt. As I did so, her legs opened further, and she slid down the chair.

"Take them off. Take my knickers off," she moaned.

I lifted her bum up, and pulled down her wet panties, revealing her sopping cunt. I looked at it closely, touching its lips softly. She arched her back when I caressed her clitoris, and I carried on. Soon she was moaning pleasurably, urging me to rub harder and faster. I did so. Her eyes were firmly shut as I rubbed her to orgasm. Then, she came. Her body lifted off the chair, and she gasped several times, before pushing my fingers away from her soaked pussy.

"Was that nice?" I asked her, tentatively.

"Beautiful," she replied.

She stood up, and moved to my bed, where she removed her skirt and bra. Then she removed her stockings, rolling them sensuously down her slim legs. Removing her T-shirt, she lay on the bed, and told me to turn off the light, and lie beside her, naked.

As I lay beside her warm body, she touched my cock. As hard as it was, Nicola made it harder, wanking me gently.

PROS & CONS

The Five Best Things About Having A Vag:-

1. Being able to smuggle drugs through customs, the pleasurable way.
2. Being able to sit down on the job, whilst attending to the old Number Ones.
3. Being able to fill it up with a steaming great knob or two.
4. Being able to smile vertically.
5. Being able to fart at both ends.

The Five Worst Things:-

1. It's too close to yer arsehole for comfort.
2. It's often mistaken for a fishmongers.
3. It leaks spunk down yer leg after a good shagging.
4. The lips flap about when you walk.
5. John Holmes is dead.

"Can I touch your breasts?" I asked. She nodded.

My hands roamed over her bare tits, finding her hard nipples to play with. Still, she was wanking me. I lowered my head to her breasts, and kissed them softly. Taking her nipples, one at a time, into my mouth, I could feel their hardness on my tongue, as I licked them ardently.

After kissing her breasts for a while, Nicola stopped wanking me, and asked me to get a condom. She obviously knew that I kept some, in the vain hope that we would make love. Now, she wanted to.

Giving her the condom, she placed it on my penis, and unrolled it down my length. Lying on her back, she spread her legs wide apart, and guided me into her vagina. The sensation was unlike anything I'd ever felt, as her warmth engulfed my cock.

Pun-ilingus

Interior decorator:
A coloured condom.

Jackpot:
An invitation to visit a curvaceous cutie's flat for a friendly game of poke 'er.

Knitty-gritty:
A soiled cardigan.

"Now, fuck me," she said, "push your cock into my pussy."

I pushed into her. She moaned. Thrusting in and out, she was soon gasping. My cock was filling her up, and stretching her pussy, she was squeezing me and begging for me to come inside her. I felt my orgasm building up within me, and it quickly shot out. I shuddered, and held Nicola tightly, feeling her nipples on my chest. She kissed me deeply, and we crawled under the duvet and fell asleep.

When we woke up, it was seven-fifteen am. Nicola didn't go back to her lodgings that day. In fact, she has been at the flat ever since, and is now considering moving in with me. We have a wonderful sex life, with one another's pleasure being the most important aspect. We have made love many times since, in a variety of positions, and have grown to love oral sex, Nicola especially loves my tongue in her pussy.

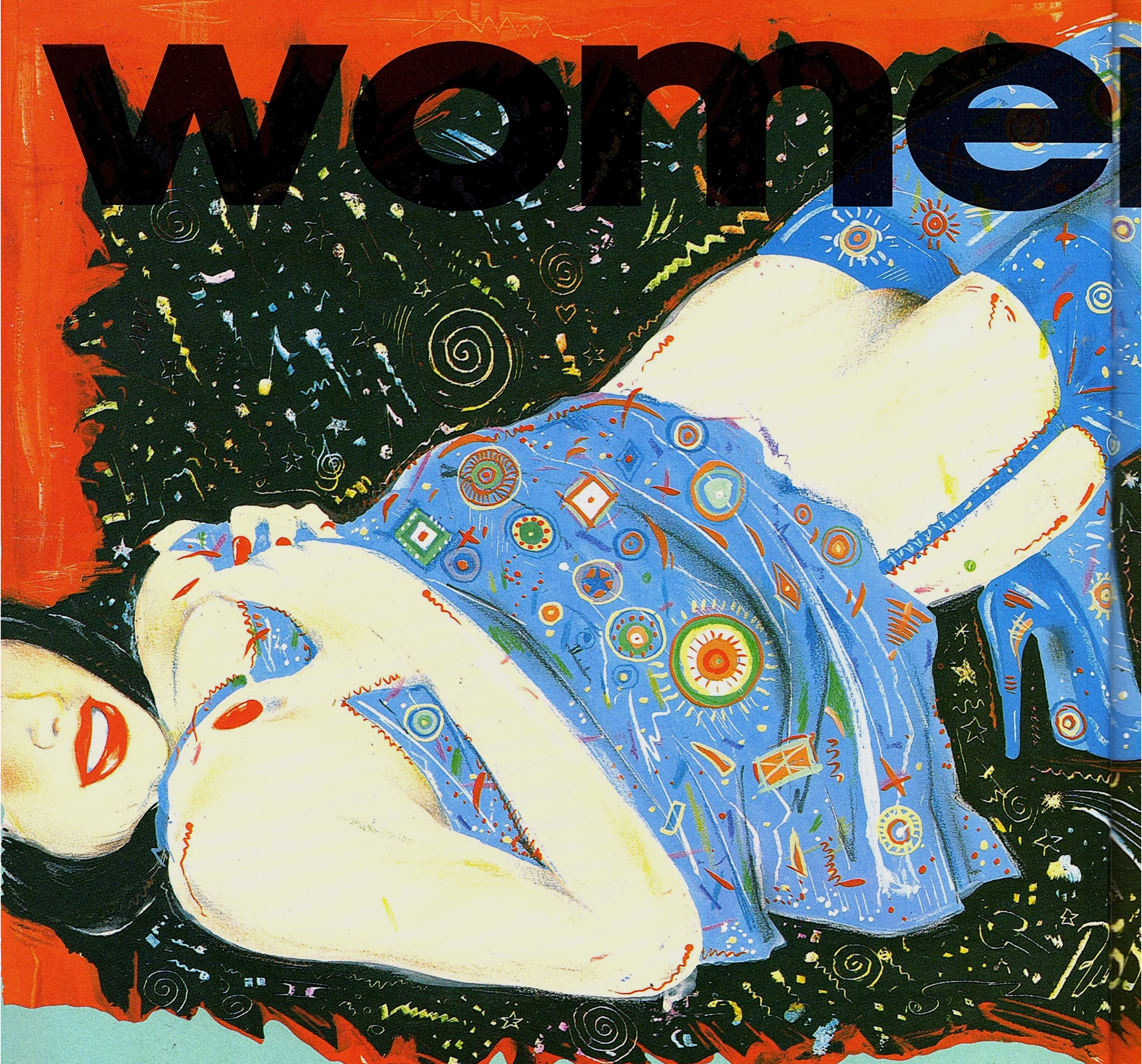
We are both readers of Knave, and often wank together while

▷ 110

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES

Dear Prudence, that could almost be a song, but I'd want someone like Vanilla Ice to sing it. His joyous, happy voice would be perfectly suited to such a sombre tune. Prude's pert breasts and pouting labia are just too sweet to resist, aren't they? Why not turn the page and see how long you can last without sneaking a glance at Prude's pubis? Ha, knew you couldn't do it!

wome



Of all the things that separate the sexes, the biggest one still seems to be communication. Men and women are just too tight-lipped to express their needs to each other. Anyone who has ever read a sex manual will quickly realise that the line, "My wife doesn't understand me," has some basis in truth, but so does, "My husband doesn't understand me." The divorce rate is rising, and although a poor sex life probably isn't the main cause, it's undoubtedly a major factor.

With a few exceptions, we're all too timid to tell each other that we love it when he puts his tongue inside our pussies, or that he loves it when she lets him come in her mouth.

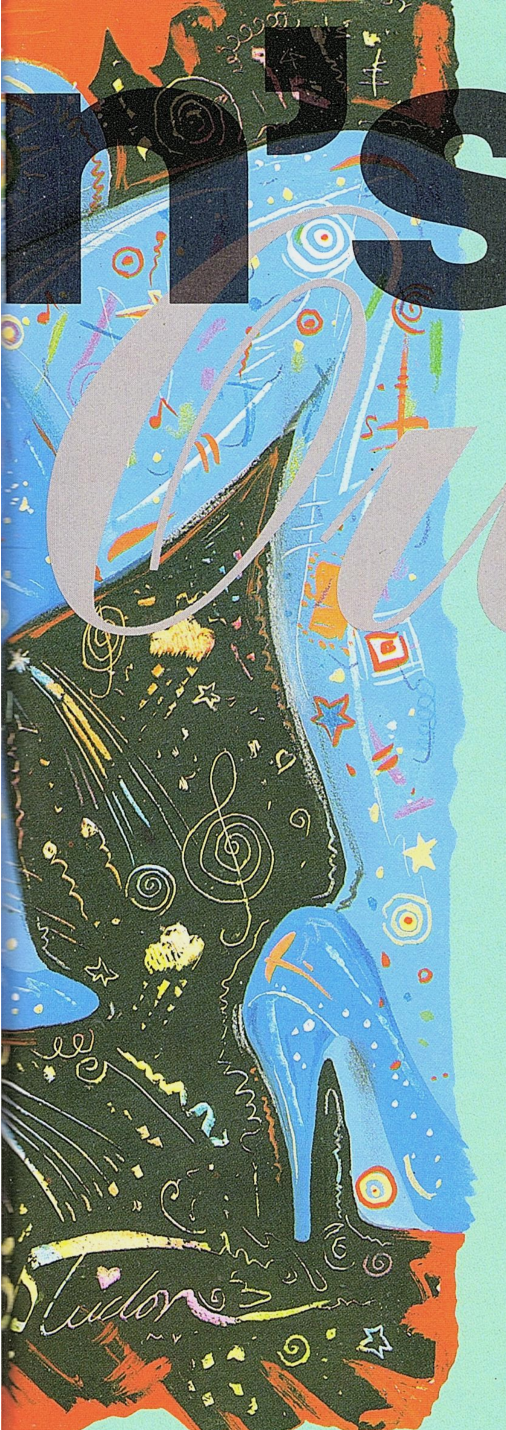
I remember the problems I had in my teens and twenties with my boyfriends. My sex life was good, but I knew deep down that it could be better, and that drove me to investigate other techniques and methods, which I involved my partners in. In an ideal world, we would all instinctively know how to sexually please and satisfy one another, but from my own personal research it seems we can barely stimulate each other! Oral sex should mean talking about sex, too!

I know from my own sex life, and from discussions with my friends, what us women feel we're missing out on. And my various boyfriends have proved to be an invaluable source of information because I took the time to ask them what they liked without being too coy or embarrassed about it. Not everyone is as lucky as my current man, Alan, or as I am, though.

It wasn't always like that. I remember the day I caught Steve, my boyfriend a few years back, playing with himself. Up to that point, I had no idea that he wanked — I thought I was enough to keep him happy. But there he was, sitting up on the bed pulling

n's Own

Sex is a beautiful thing. Especially if there's two of you to do it. One may be fun when it comes to cooking, but generally, it takes two to tango. KATE WALKER takes a look at love 'n' stuff from the ladies' point of view, in our sexual version of a test drive . . .



at his cock with long, slow strokes as he flicked through a copy of Fiesta (*What! — Ed*) with the blasting stereo masking my entrance.

I just stood and watched him from the doorway; I've always enjoyed watching men wank, especially when they come. Sure enough, his strokes increased and he found one picture he particularly liked and groaned as his sperm shot out of his dick and splattered the page.

I never mentioned it, although at the time I think I was a bit upset. Reading sex manuals helped me to understand it, however. He wasn't bored with me: wanking was just a way of enjoying *himself*, if you want to sound like a hippie. Up until then, I hadn't really experimented with masturbation, thanks to the common myths surrounding it. I hadn't gone mad through doing it; I just wasn't any good at it.

Alan's attitude was totally different. When he wanked, he didn't try to make a secret of it and hide away as though it was something shameful. He simply told me why he enjoyed doing it, and didn't protest when I wanted to watch, even though we both understood that it wouldn't lead to full sex. That way I wasn't placing any demands upon him, and he was able to relax.

I suppose it was then that I understood why Steve had tried to keep it a secret; he thought I wouldn't understand it, and perhaps he felt a little ashamed of it, too. I think that at the time he was right about me — it's taken me a while to grow sexually.

Thanks to Alan's honest approach to masturbation, I felt comfortable enough to pick up where I left off as a teenager. I first discovered that touching myself produced a pleasant sensation when I was about 19. Up until then, I had relied upon boyfriends to finger me, most of whom had proved to be inept and clumsy. For me, this was a real journey of discovery, and I've managed to develop it into a fine art.

Like a lot of women, I enjoy intense clitoral orgasms, and although Alan and I both orgasm during intercourse, it wasn't until I first masturbated, and before I met Alan, that I experienced my first real orgasm.

These days, I masturbate for any number of reasons; when I'm alone and want to enjoy my body, when Alan is away and I feel horny, or when Alan is there and I want to turn us both on. Over the years I've tried loads of different positions, but found most of them uncomfortable. Especially lying on my front, raising my bottom and touching myself — my arms kept going to sleep! I tried doing it in the shower, playing the warm water over my fanny as I rubbed my clit, but my legs kept going. In the end, I came back to my favourite one.

I prefer to do it lying naked on my back, propped up on a big pile of pillows. I like to begin by caressing my breasts softly and stimulating them, playing with them as I rub and pinch my nipples. I like to rub my thighs together, too, as I feel myself become moist. Then I move my right hand down to my pussy and gently stroke everywhere *except* my clit, until I can't stand it anymore and have to rub it, moving my middle finger over it from side to side.

My first orgasm was incredible. There's no other word for it. A massive build up of sensations focused at my crotch, a rush of heat as my orgasm exploded into contractions that grabbed at my pelvis until the shakes subsided.

Knowing how much I enjoyed touching myself, it wasn't a great mental leap to realise that Alan enjoyed me touching him, too. In our early days together, I had

women's Own

asked him if he minded it, and he was delighted I had. He told me that his dick was there for me, and that if I wanted to play with it, he was hardly going to complain! Since then, I've made a point of fondling him without asking, or expecting it to lead to a full fuck.

I remember one incident when he was on the phone to a friend one night. We were just sitting watching the telly, and I got a bit frisky and knelt in front of him as he talked away to his mate. I started to stroke his thighs and at first thought he was going to get annoyed. But as his cock got harder, his frown disappeared and I undid his zip and reached for him.

Alan was having a little difficulty holding up his end of the phone conversation by now, and I wasn't going to give him any help. His prick was rock solid, and I slowly eased back his foreskin and popped him into my mouth. He gave an audible groan, and I stifled a laugh at the thought of what his mate was making of the slurping noises on our end of the line!

Eventually, he had to hang up and let me carry on. I took his cock out of my mouth and started to wank him off with long, firm strokes. As his balls got bigger, I reached into his jeans to ease them out and squeeze them with my other hand. Alan's eyes were clamped tight shut, and his breathing was getting heavier so I speeded up my wanking. He groaned that he was about to come, and I told him to open his eyes and look at me.

I buried his prick in my mouth until I felt it begin to spasm, then I pulled it out and let him shoot all over my face and hair. It was great. I flinched a bit as the first spurts hit me and coated me in his sticky goo. But fortunately, my eyes and hair seemed to take the brunt of it, leaving his trousers and our couch pretty clean! Alan loved it. The look on his face told me that much!

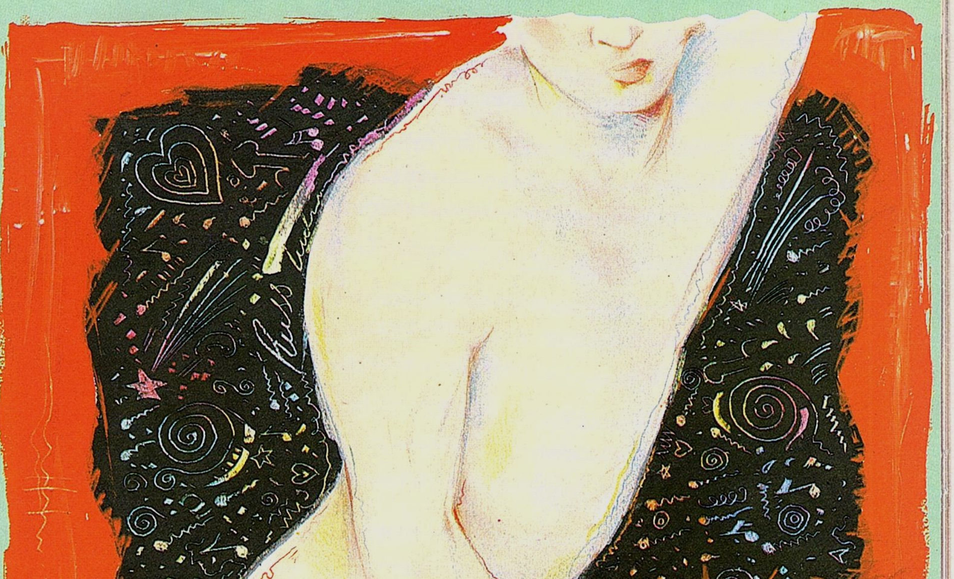
Since then, I've done the same many times. While we're watching TV, whatever, it's a nice way of telling him how much he turns me on.

One night on the way back from a friend's party, Alan was driving us home and reached over to caress my fanny. I pulled my miniskirt up to give him easier access to my damp panties. His left hand was desperately trying to find its way under my gusset, but I didn't want him to crash the car! I told him to slow down a bit, and moving his hand away, I unbuckled my seatbelt and slipped out of my knickers, giving my wet fanny a quick wipe.

Then I reached over with my right hand and took his semi-hard on out of his jeans. As I massaged him to a full erection, I played with my cunny lips with my left hand.

Alan kept flicking quick glances my way to watch my fingers flick my clit and slip inside my sopping wet hole. He was rampant in my hand now, and before long the excitement of the thing had brought me to the edge of orgasm. I had to stop wanking him to concentrate on my own climax, and could only begin again when my orgasm had subsided. He too was close, and I furiously jerked him off, working my hand up and down his shaft like crazy — I wanted him to come so much. He strained against his seatbelt as he came. Spurts of spunk flew everywhere, landing on the steering wheel and his trousers.

Only then did I lean across and take him into my mouth, to lick him and his trousers clean. I wouldn't recommend it to drivers, though, because it's bloody dangerous!



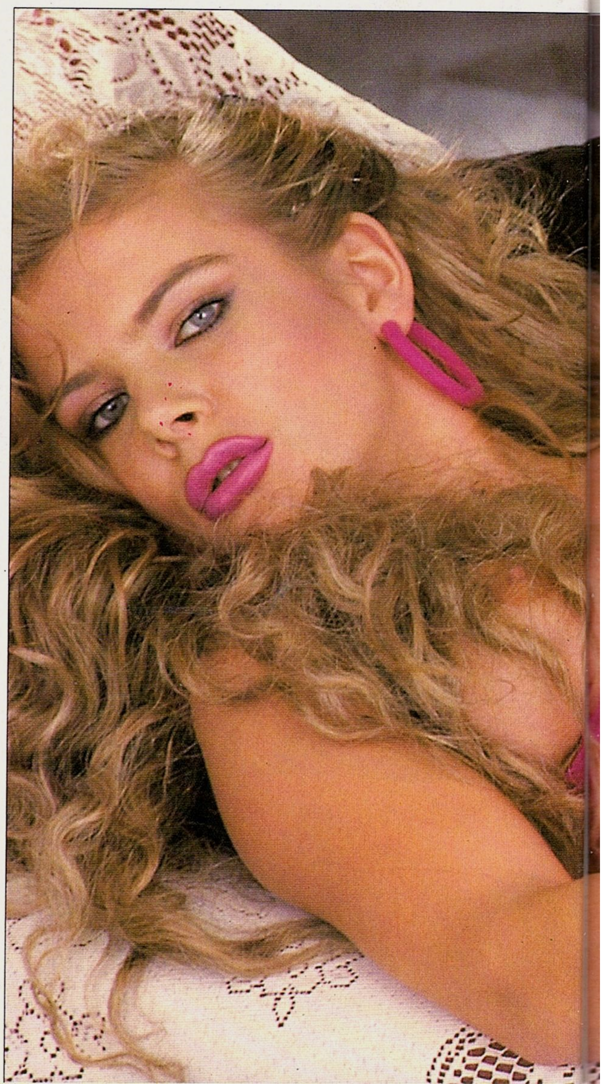
The moral, or morals, of this piece then, are spontaneity and communication. Find out what your partner likes, and then do it when they least expect it — just so long as you're in private! It keeps you sane and happy, and spices things up!

Photographed by MORE MAYO

Well, what a sight for sore eyes. It's been a while since I've had the pleasure of introducing my exploding trousers to Maggie's pictures, but it was well worth the wait. Or the waist. And talking of wait, it's a little known fact that Maggie is a fan of Tom Waits. Thoughts of world weary faces, gravelly voices, bottles of scotch, overflowing ashtrays and the sound of drunks keeling over in the corner that form the heart of her Saturday nights. Which would probably account for her interest in the Fiesta Editor . . . (Cue canned laughter).

MAGGIE

Photographed by MORE MAYO



Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually, we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out . . .

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: Recently I had an encounter — a very sexual one — with a woman. It was my first time, with anyone. We wanked one another, but didn't have intercourse. But some of her juices touched the top of my cock, as I rubbed it against her. Have I put us at any risk of AIDS? — Tony, Lancs.

A: No, risk, lamb. You're hardly a carrier, being a virgin (I assume you aren't a needle-user). And who's assuming she had it? Even if she did, the virus itself is pretty immobile, which means it would have had to be pushed into your penis (as your own fluid was coming out, that wasn't likely!) Nothing would have gotten into the bloodstream. Sounds like the first-time guilts, perhaps. Get the fact about AIDS, m'dear, before you have another unnecessary scare!

Q: I only masturbate once every three to six months; when I have to. Sometimes I'm turned on by sexual thoughts (or, for example, your pictures). My penis rubs against my underpants and so produces a long, drawn-out masturbation, more pleasurable than the customary kind. At other times, it is short and not nearly as pleasurable. I am then excited by even mildly erotic thoughts and before I can look, masturbation has occurred in the above way. How can I regulate my sex life to infrequent masturbation? It's disturbing. — H.S., Wye.

A: I think you're confusing masturbation with ejaculation, my friend, but don't fret. There isn't anything unusual about the way you masturbate, either long and sweet or short and sharp. (Both are just as fun to watch, speaking as an observer!) Your penis is being stimulated by cloth, by flesh — by thoughts. (The brain being the biggest sex organ, and all that . . .) What could be more natural than that? It's fun! Healthy! What bothers you? That you're stimulated involuntarily? More than you'd like to be? You treat masturbation like a chore, not a delight. To most people, indulging only 3-4 times a year is massively infrequent, indeed! I don't know if you're having sex with someone else, my sweet; if so, it's also natural to have both kinds of sexual experiences at the same time. Anyway, you can't regulate your involuntary experiences. Your body isn't a machine, and you can't memorise football scores every time you get stiff. And you obviously like *getting* that way, or you wouldn't be leafing through our pages, right? As you get older, the immediacy of response will decrease somewhat, and it'll take more stimulation to get a climax. But in the meantime, will you stop trying to repress your healthy sexuality? *Enjoy* your body and yourself!

Q: Several questions, please, Bette. When I eat out my wife, I never experience an orgasm. Is that normal? When in the missionary position, I don't experience the same orgasm as when she is on top, although when the reverse is true, she moans very loudly. She says she feels a different sensation, even better than the others, when she gyrates and grinds her pussy against my cock, lying on me . . . — S.B., Oldham

A: Why should *you* climax when your mouth is on *her* pussy? Do you have an orgasm when you kiss her? (If so, let's book you into the West End!) You have a stronger climax when you're on top — she does when she's on top. In each case, you both have more control over your movements, to get the stimulation you need. Different positions bring different intensity of sensations. Simple. Normal. And you're both getting there, in the end, right?

Q: My cock is only about six inches, but whenever we have a long lovemaking session my girlfriend tells me that she can feel me "bump into her," and her doctor told her that she has some sort of lesion inside, so he thinks my penis is bigger than it is! — Joe, Hants.

A: You could be using too much force if your girlfriend feels you hitting the head of her cervix. As for the lesions, I'm not certain if her doctor thinks the only cause is your ramming. Check it out. If that's the case, the problem isn't so much size as it is technique. Change position so her stomach isn't arched toward you, and she might feel more comfortable if she doesn't pull in her knees toward her face (so your entry isn't quite as deep). Experiment with different angles, and ask what feels best for her. Be a shade or three more gentle. then you can slowly (as they say) extend your stroke, until you're both swooning.

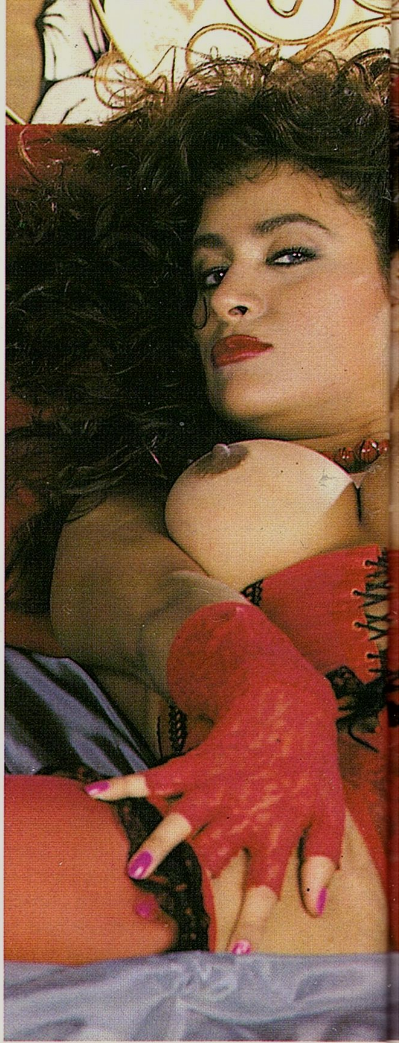
Q: This may sound stupid, but I have a feeling a lot of men would like the answer to this one: How can I tell if a woman has faked an orgasm? — C. McC., Orpington.

A: Why do you want to know, I ask myself. If you found out she was, what would you do, how would you react? (Them thar's clues in your answer). Your sexual prowess isn't a matter of *her* orgasm, love, unless you sabotage one. You can't "give" a woman one. And you can't "make" her have one, either. You learn what works for *her*. Let her show you, tell you, guide you. A woman usually fakes it because she doesn't want to hurt a partner's feelings; she's not being diabolical. But if you really need to know, and you don't want to ask her, you could wire her up to a battery of instruments which monitor her blood presure, heart rate, brain waves, vaginal contractions . . . you get the idea. (She could then suggest you go practice rectal-cranial inversion!) The old myth that you could tell if she came was by a red flush but it's never been proved as far as I know. Some women do, some women don't.

Q: What percentage of single men masturbate, do you think? I've got an argument going with a mate of mine who does it every day, and says it's almost all of us. I say it's about half. Who's right? — R.W., Aberdeen

A: Can I watch? Well, you know statistics, but here goes: at some point in their lives, about 95% masturbate. Personally, I think the other 5% are just liars . . .

To J.R. in Ruislip: about 75-100 times a go should do the trick. (And aren't the rest of you wondering just what *that* problem was all about!)



Here's Nicole, phoning down for room service. And what a service you could offer, huh? Breakfast in bed with a dollop of cream in her coffee and lashings of spunk in her Coco Pops. Maybe she's talking to Grant, our Art Room sex machine. She's just his type, uses the blower a lot and opens her legs!

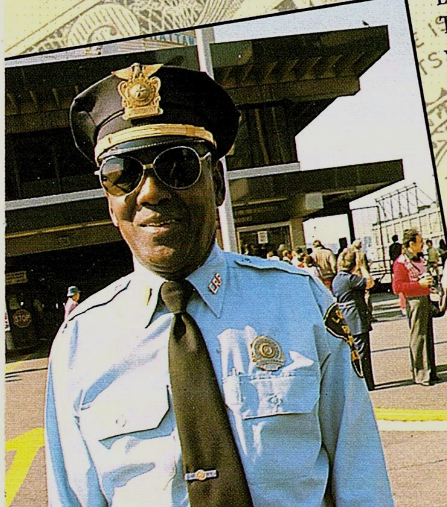
Nicole

Photographed by PETER FLODQUIST

Just the type of dishy doll he likes to have pushing his buttons and seeing to his sizeable mouthpiece. Bet she could ring your bell, huh? Whaddaya mean you've been cut off? Hey, don't sweat it, she ain't engaged so you're sure of making it a trunk call.

Man in a suitcase

NEW YORK STORIES



East Side West Side all around the Town: The Big Apple – New York, New York, IS a wonderful place. Bold, brash, earthy, lusty, violent, loving. A permanent setting of *West Side Story*.

There's Uptown, meaning north; Downtown, south and Mid-town Manhattan. For when we say 'New York' we almost certainly mean the island of Manhattan, 13 miles in length, and one to three across. 5th Avenue divides it. Streets cross it, and the other avenues run either side of 5th. Only Broadway has to be different. A dog's leg of a street, running fairly diagonally from northwest to southeast.

New York is an amalgam of a hundred different races. An instant combustion engine, yet there is typically American uncompromising discipline. At all intersections traffic lights advise WALK or DON'T WALK. *Don't* if there's a cop in sight. That's if a yellow cab doesn't get you first!

There's so much to see, so much to do. The 50s and the 40s are the most prominent sections. Broadway and Times Square joining 6th Avenue, also known as the Avenue Of The Americas, at 42nd Street. The Empire State at West 34th. Radio City on 52nd Street. Thereabouts, too, is Madison Square Garden, and all around restaurants, restaurants, restaurants, bars, bars, bars, and shops of every description.

New York is also the city that never sleeps. I tried to doze off on the first night with a touch of jetlag in the British-run Hotel Dorset on West 54th. I opened the window to let in some fresh air. What I got was the wailing of police sirens belting down 5th Avenue or Lexington at a great rate of knots, instead. But I got used to it!

New York — so good they named it twice, blah, blah, Frank Sinatra songs, blah, blah. A huge, rambling, unfriendly city, or a warm and cheerful village? Both. New York is the same as any other city in the world: full of extremes. KENNETH KINGDOM grabbed his flak jacket and headed Stateside to the city where it has been reported that the most common cause of death for males below the age of 30 is murder . . .

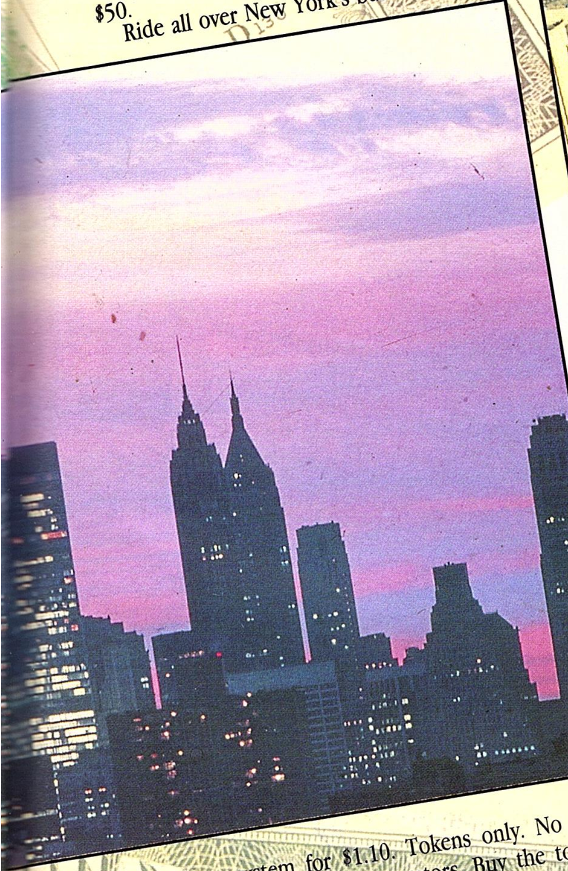
Sightseeing

The 107th open viewing platform of the World Trade Centre Downtown is better than the 102nd floor of the Empire State Building. You look out all over Manhattan in all directions, picking out the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island, where 17 million new Americans came in between 1892 and 1954.

Take the Circle Line from Hudson Pier. It's an $18, 3-hour boat trip right around the island of Manhattan with New Jersey, The Brown, Queens, Staten Island, and Brooklyn appearing on your starboard side. There are Greyline sightseeing tours leaving from 166W 44th at the corner of Broadway. A Sunday morning Harlem Gospel Tour, and other variations including Greenwich Village, Chinatown and literally, all around the town.

Transportation

Cheapest from JFK International Airport into New York City is Carey Airport Bus leaving every half hour to Grand Central area at 42nd and Park Avenue; $10. For $14 share a Gray Line Airport Shuttle minibus. A taxi costs $30, plus tip and tolls, a limo is $50.



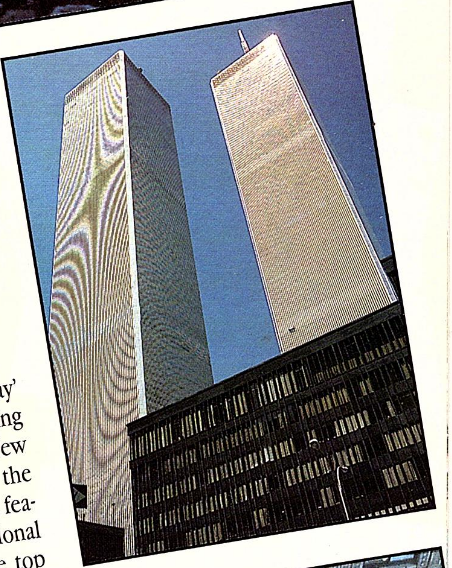
Ride all over New York's bus and subway system for $1.10. Tokens only. No tickets, no travelling inspectors. Buy the tokens in blocks of ten. It's easier. But use your legs. Americans are notoriously lazy when it comes to walking.

Tipping

DO IT! This is a city where no-one does anything for nothing. Airport and hotel porters expect a dollar a bag. Cabbies and most others expect 15%. In New York they will leave a space for you to add your gratuity in your hotel and restaurant if you are signing or paying by credit card. Otherwise, there is a simple rule. Take the sales tax of 8½%, double it, and that is what you leave!

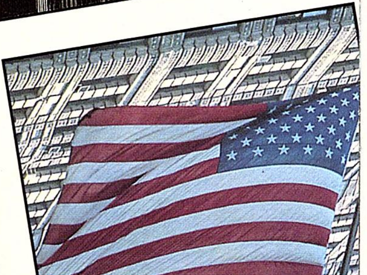
Safety

Where there's people there's police; that's the golden rule. You think twice about taking the Underground in London after 10.30. Simply apply the same strategy to New York. On Sunday evenings the Subway is full of religious muggers. Bible punchers, good book in hand. "Sir, God loves you!" one said to me, "Piss off. I was at seven o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Catherdral this morning!" I snapped. "Sir, God loves everybody, even the Irish . . ."



Deals

TWA/American Airlines have 'get away' weekends, three nights for £299, including fares and hotel. The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey ('Joisey' to the indigenous literati) supply books of free feature coupons. 2 for 1 Newark International Airport transfers, free viewing from the top of the World Trade Center, dinner discounts and free drinks, Broadway show discounts.

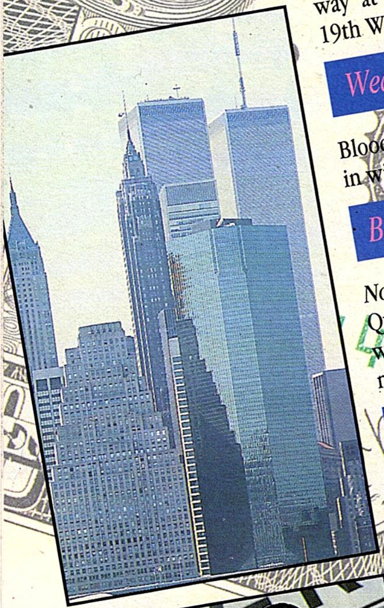


Greetings

"How are you, old boy?" is a piss-taking local greeting. The answer; "Solid, Jackson, solid!". New Yorkers call each other 'Mac' and 'Asshole'. In 'Joisey' you're a 'Joik'.

Shop Around The Clock

Grab the New York Shopping Guide from the New York Convention & Visitors Bureau: 2, Columbus Circle, Tel: (212) 397 8200. Department Stores: A&S, 442, Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third ('Toid') Avenue at 59th St., Lord & Taylor, 5th Ave and 39th, Macy's Herald Square at 34th and Broadway, and Sak's 5th Ave at 50th. But New York is great for discount shopping. Genuine quality good at knocked down prices. Try BFO, 149th 5th Ave at 21st., Encore Resale dress Shop, 1132, Madison Ave., Loehmann's Inc., Broadway at W 236th., and LS Men's Clothing, 19th W 44th.



Weather

Bloody hot in summer, brass monkeys cold in winter.

Beaches

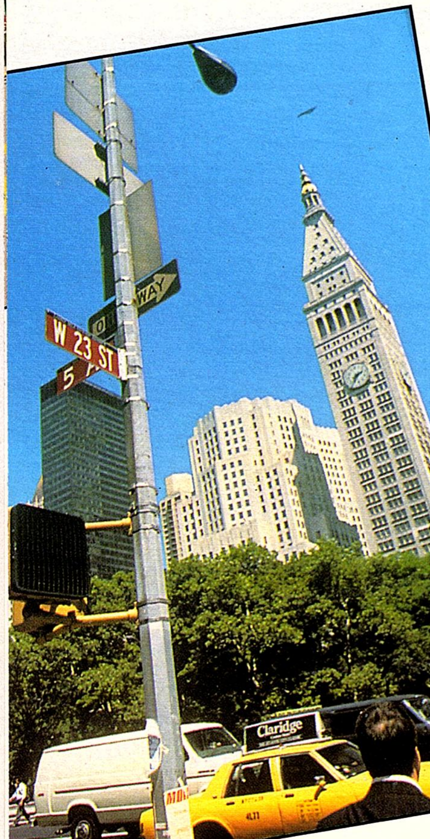
Not Manhattan! Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Queens are better. Coney Island is for those who cannot possibly swim without half a million people around.

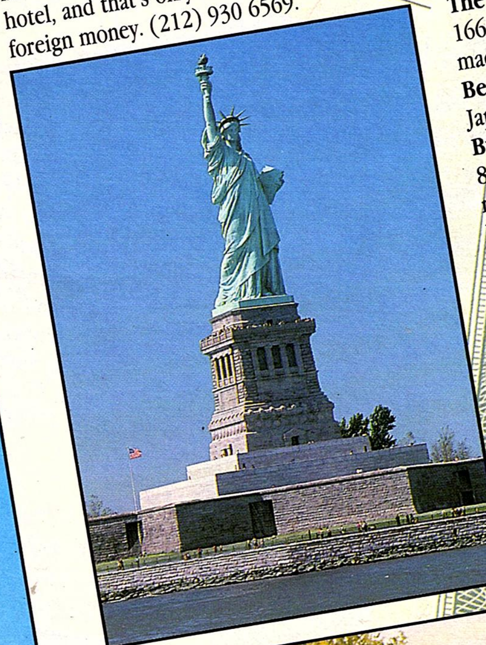
Sex

Easier than getting a hamburger . . . at a price. But if you want it, pack a suitcase with condoms! Strip joints abound. 'Little Bo Peep', in person already, is at the one next to the 42nd Street Theatre.

Currency Changing

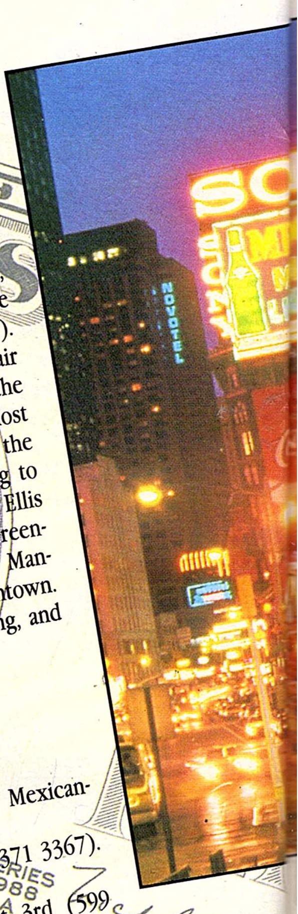
The best deal is at the Republic Bank of New York at 452, 5th Avenue. Republic never charges a commission, unlike your hotel, and that's only if they agree to change foreign money. (212) 930 6569.





At Random

Chinatown is Mott Street towards Canal, intersected by Pell and Bayard Streets. They are probably right when they say they have the best Chinese restaurants in the world. After all, 100,000 Chinese live there! **Little Italy** is Mulberry Street, with its limitless restaurants and Italian clothes shops and culture. Spend a morning or afternoon at the **Southstreet Seaport** where jugglers, dancers, and all sorts of strange people entertain on the boardwalk (esplanade). Enjoy New York harbour from a deckchair on Pier 17, go abroad the schooner and the tall ships. **Battery Park** is the southernmost tip of Manhattan. It's where you catch the Staten Island Ferry, and the boats going to the Statue of Liberty (island) and Ellis Island. **Greenwich Village** is along Greenwich Avenue, on the Hudson side of Manhattan, between Midtown and Downtown. Poseurs, gays, cheap good value eating, and 'actresses' on the make.



Eating out

Midtown

Alamo 304 E 48th. (759 0590). Mexican-Texan cuisine.

Alfred the Original of Rome. (371 3367). Italian. Est. 1930.

The Automat. 200 E 42nd at 3rd (599 1665). American cafeteria with 'window machines'.

Benihana. (593 1627) 120 E 56th. The Japanese Steak House.

Burger King. 45th & Lexington (867 8792). Home of the 'Whopper' (Sounds like my trousers! – Ed).

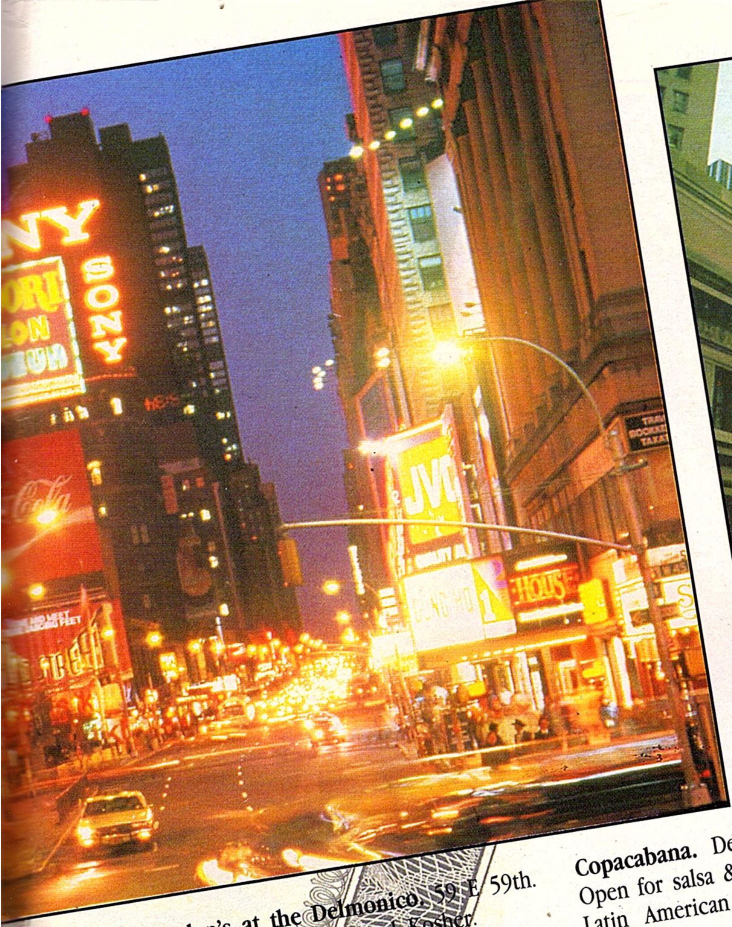
El Morocco. (750 1500). New York's most famous nightclub for over 50 years.

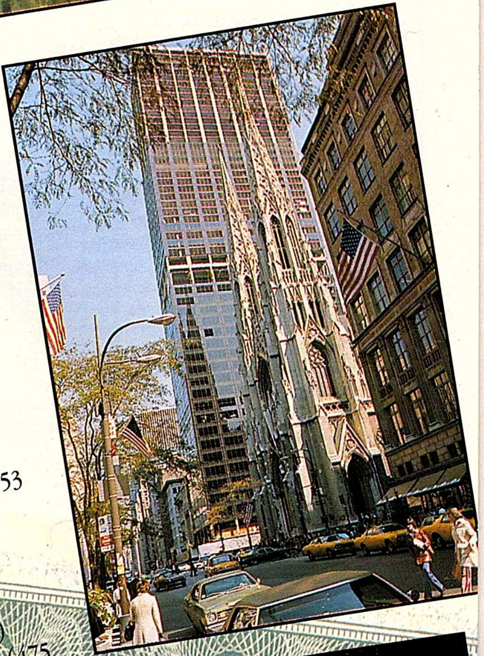
The Four Seasons. 99 E 52nd. (754 9494). Modern, arty New York. Wine cellar and world's largest Picasso.

Jakes. 801 2nd at 43rd. (687 5320). Sleek, sophisticated. Best of Manhattan.

Inside Track. 1011 2nd Ave (704 5261). Bet while you eat!

John Barleycorn. New York's oldest pub, with food, at 209, E 45th. For eating, meeting, singing and dancing. Private rooms. Yesterday's prices! (986 1088).





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Kaplan's at the Delmonico. 59 E 59th. (775 5959). Cosy, informal, Kosher.

Oliver's. 141, E 57th. (753 9180). American-English food!!!

Regine;s. 502 Park Ave at 59th. (826 0990). Regine of Paris. New York's premier disco.

Barbetta. 321 W 46th. (246 9171). Est. 1906. Still owned by the same family.

Beefsteak Charlie's. 44th & Broadway (398 1910). What else!

21 Club. 21 W 52nd. (582 7200). 'The 21'. Nightclub and restaurant.

Tony Roma's. Broadway & 48th. (956 3130). **The** place for ribs!

Floating Restaurant

World Yacht Cruises. Pier 42 at W 23rd & Hudson. Booze, food, music and dancing. $60-$64. Collar and tie, please.

Massage

Salon de Tokyo. 200 W 57th. (757 2187). Entire staff Japanese.

Sightseeing

Island Helicopter. The Heliport at 34th and East River. Continuous flights, by day or night. Take your camera. (683 4575).

Clubs

Amazonas (Brazilian) 492 Broome St. (966 3371)

Cafe Society. Dancing/Swing Orchestra. 915, Broadway. (529 8282).

Copacabana. Deservedly world famous. Open for salsa & disco dancing with live Latin American Orchestras. 10 E 60th (755 6010).

Mars. A multi level club with a different theme for each floor. 28 10th Ave (691 6262).

Jazz

Birdland. 2745 Broadway. (749 2228).

Angry Squire. 216 7th Ave

Fat Tuesday's. 190 Third Ave. (553 7902).

Caberet

Blue Angel. 323, W 44th. (222 3333)

The Back Fence. 155, Bleecker St. (475 9221)

Greene Street Cafe. 101, Greene St. (925 2415)

Mostly Magic. 55, Carmine St. (924 1472)

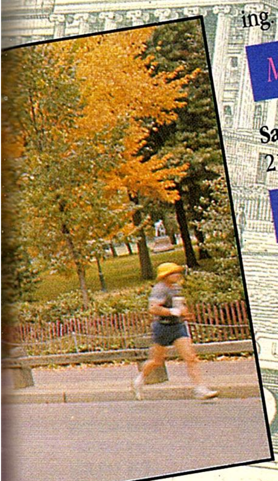
Rainbow & Stars. 30, Rockefeller Plaza. (632 5000).

On Broadway

Aspects of Love, Buddy, Cats, City of Angels, Fiddler on The Roof, Grand Hotel, Phantom of The Opera, Les Miserables, Lost In Yonkers, Those Were The Days. Tickets from Theatre Service Americana. 581 6660.

Hotels

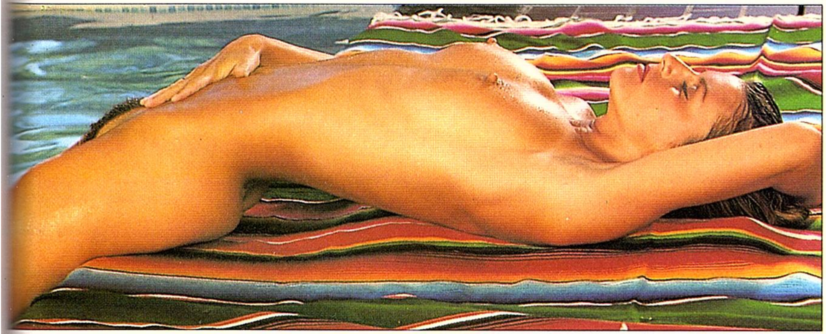
The Hotel Guide from the New York Convetion and Visitors Bureau lists over 100. 2, Columbus Circle, NY, NY 10019. (212) 397 8222. From UK dial 0101 first.



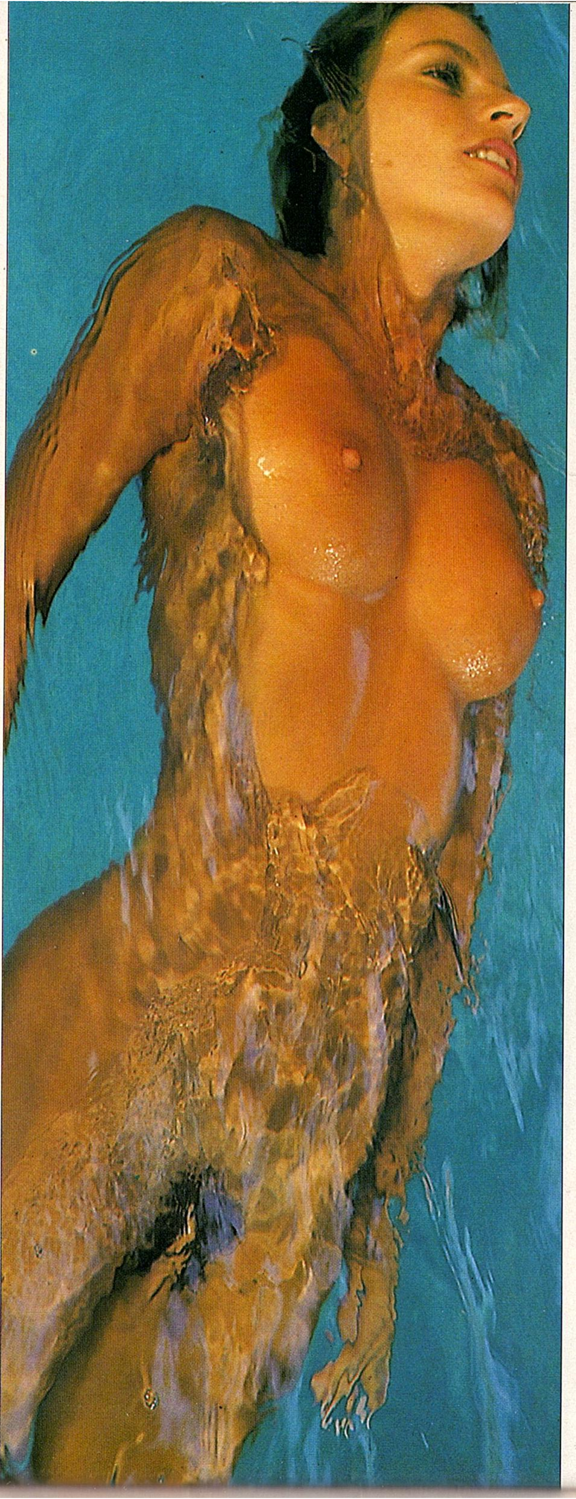
JAN

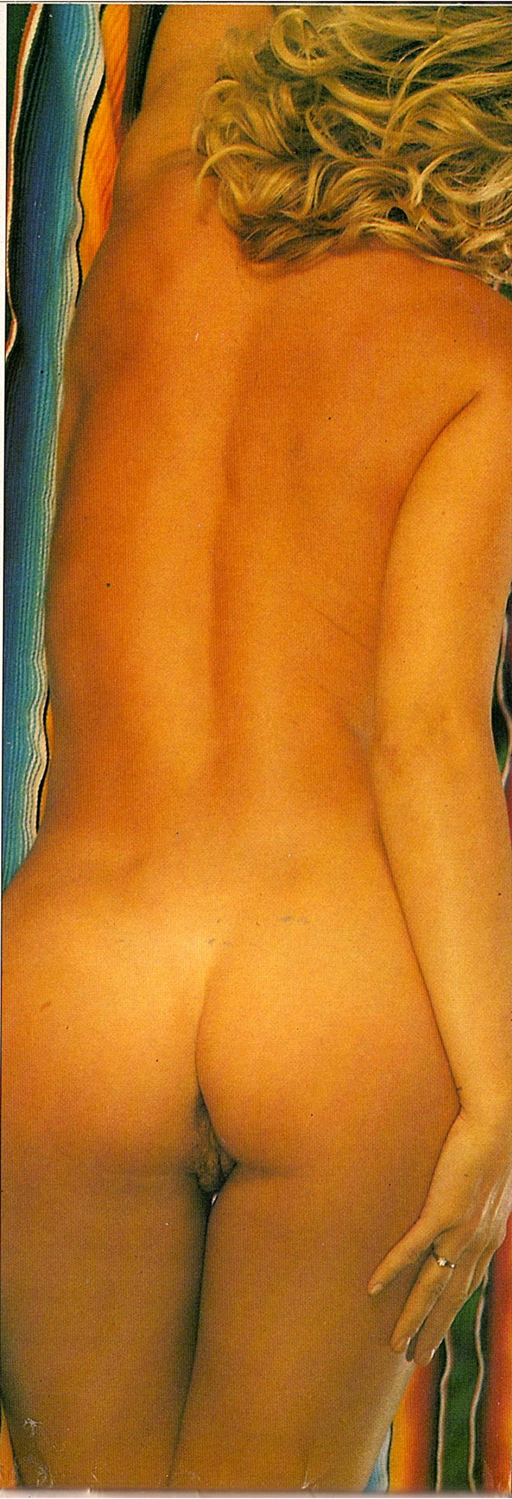
Jan used to be a tin of spam in a previous existence. She tells me this as we discuss the merits of reincarnation, and whether it's better than normal milk or not.

Photographed by SUE DENIM



As they say in *The Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy*, you have to know where your towel is, and Jan's lying on mine.





it happened to ME

Beach Balls

I thought you might like to hear about an incident which changed my life a few years ago.

My marriage had been going through a bad patch. We were rowing, Tom, my husband, was drinking more and more and our sex life was awful. Tom was almost always drunk, rough to the point of brutality and I often felt degraded and used.

I left him to stay with my mother, and as soon as I could I arranged a holiday on my own to think things over.

I wanted somewhere quiet and booked a caravan for a week near Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast. It was mid-September but the weather was still quite good and after I had arrived on the Saturday afternoon I decided to go for a walk along the beach. About half a mile from my caravan I was amazed to find sunbathers not only topless, but in the nude. The local council had set aside an area as a naturist beach.

About 11 o'clock the next day I gathered my things together and set off for the beach. I found a spot near a breakwater, spread out my beach mat and looked around to see if anyone was watching. I had never sunbathed topless before let alone naked and felt excited as well as a little embarrassed. Fortunately the nearest people were about a hundred yards away so I slowly undressed. I was not ashamed of my body, in fact I think I have rather a good figure, I was 30 at the time, 5ft 4inches tall and measured 37B-27-38, slightly overweight perhaps but I didn't really need to wear a bra as my tits were as firm as when I was 18.

I lay down in the sun and straight away felt a delicious feeling of freedom as a warm, gentle breeze drifted over those parts of me that had never been exposed in public before, my nipples became hard and erect and my pussy tingled as the breeze tickled my pubic hair. I must have dozed off because the next thing I remember was the noise of someone moving nearby.

I looked up to see a man setting out his beach mat a few yards away. He was about sixty, slim, and suntanned all over. He had his back to me and as he bent over I could see a pair of enormous, hairy balls hanging down between his legs and swinging to and fro as he worked.

Although I had had a bad time with Tom I have never been with anyone else either before or during our marriage and had never seen another man naked except in pictures and statues. So I was not really aware of the great variety of shapes and sizes of mens' equipment.

My neighbour turned and I was surprised to see that although his balls were huge and his scrotum seemed to hang down at least 6 inches, his prick was very small and slim — only about 2 inches long, well suntanned and covered by a long and very wrinkled foreskin. Tom was quite well hung, 8 inches long and very thick when hard, but he was circumcised. What a contrast my neighbour was, obviously much older than me or Tom but slim and fit for his age, as opposed to my paunchy drunken husband.

"I gently chewed his foreskin."

He looked over and smiled and we gradually got into conversation. His name was Eric. He was widowed and retired and said he enjoyed the freedom that the beach offered. He had got fed up with the strange looks and comments he got from neighbours when he sunbathed at home, even wearing swimming trunks. He commented that I was obviously new to the beach because of the white bits where I normally wore a bikini.

I explained that I had had enough of the roughness and brutality of my sex life with Tom and had come away to think things over. I began to cry. Eric moved to sit closer to me and as he put his arm around me, I laid my head on his shoulder and wept and wept.

"Look," he said, "I think we ought to get you back to your caravan for a cup of coffee or something to calm you down." He got up and started to dress. I pulled on my jeans and top. I didn't bother with my underwear, gathered up my things and we set off back to my caravan. Eric was kind and considerate and offered me his arm as we walked up the beach back to the van. All the way he made soothing conversation gently trying to ease me out of my tears.

This is where you get to tell us exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times. This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit into Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real — the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexploit printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

When we got back to the van he said, "I don't know about you but I feel much freer without clothes, why don't we go back to the way we were on the beach." I was busy making us both a cup of coffee so agreed without thinking and looked up to see him removing his trousers. I shrugged off my blouse and jeans, gave Eric his cup of coffee and we sat down together.

"It seems to me," he said, " that what you are missing is the feeling of being loved and needed for yourself, and some tender love-making."

He put down his cup of coffee and placed both hands on my shoulders and kissed me gently. As he did so, he ran his hands down from my shoulders across my breasts and I could feel my nipples tingle. I clenched my legs together as I could feel my pussy moisten up and start to burn. He cupped my breasts, one in each hand, and rubbed each nipple with his thumbs as he licked the tears from my cheeks.

I stood up and guided him into the caravan's bedroom and laid down on the bed. Eric lay down with me and began to nibble my nipples. They have always been a particularly sensitive part of my body and I felt them tingle with pleasure.

I stroked Eric's back and let my hands drift down to his bum. For his age, his buttocks were tight and muscular. Just the type of slim little bum that I always fancied when I was younger. I pulled his hips towards me and felt his prick against my stomach. Remembering the way his bollocks had swung to and fro on the beach I reached down, stroking his stomach as I went till I reached his pubes. I allowed myself a few moments to tickle and play, then reached further and cupped his balls in my hand. His scrotum had tightened up but the weight of these potent globes in my hand made me shiver with expectancy. I felt his prick against my stomach again and let my hand drift up to touch it. I did not expect a cock of any size, in fact I expected to be able to hold the full length in my hand. To my surprise Eric's erection had swollen well past the width of my hand. I gasped as I let my hand slide along its full length and felt that I had to see what was on offer. I slid down his body kissing and licking as I went until I could see his manhood in all its glory. It was elegantly slim, less than an inch across, but it must have been a full 8 inches long.

I pulled back his foreskin to reveal a beautiful swollen, purple helmet which I took between my lips and started to lick. I ran my tongue along its length to the base and licked his balls. What a size they were! I ran my mouth back up to the tip and tried to take him into my mouth, but he was far too long, so I settled for the purple dome. I ran my tongue around the ridge at the base, flicked my tongue over the little slit at the end and settled down to suck. Eric groaned, "I won't last long if you keep that up, its years since I . . ." and with that he came, spurting great gobs of spunk all over my face and in my hair.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I did tell you I wouldn't last long." He pulled me back up to him and began to gently lick the come from my face. "Now it's your turn," he said and let his tongue trace a path down my neck and along my left tit to the nipple, where he made little circles around it as it stiffened more and more. Every now and then he reached back up to my face to lick off another gob of come and smeared it with his tongue in a trail down my body. First my tits got the treatment, then he moved on further to my navel and finally he was nuzzling my legs apart. Everything was done with so much gentleness and consideration that I just lay, wallowing in the warmth of the feelings this gave me, knowing that I was building up to the first orgasm I had had for years.

Eric's tongue slid back and forth along my slit and eventually settled on my clit. He teased it, gently nipping with his teeth and flicking it with his tongue as I played with my own tits. I took each nipple between a thumb and

it happened to ME

finger and stretched and squeezed now that Eric was out of reach. I was dying to get hold of his beautiful, slim cock again and groaned, pressing his face to my throbbing pussy. "Please, please Eric, fuck me, please," I pleaded. He ignored me and carried on his incredible tongue work, slipping a finger inside me which he soon replaced with two as my hips began to buck up and down. His hand was soon flooded with my juices as I screamed and came. It was the best orgasm I had had for a long time.

"I guided his cock into my sodden snatch."

I had never know such pleasure and tenderness.

He crawled back up the bed and kissed me. I could taste my own juices on his lips. We cuddled together and fell asleep.

When I woke up, Eric was lying peacefully asleep on his back next to me. My love tunnel was still glowing with sensations and I ached to be fucked.

His prick had shrunk back into his foreskin and lay limply on his balls; a tiny, brown, wrinkled thing, dwarfed by his enormous bollocks. I moved my head down to his crotch, took his cock in my mouth and began to suck. Eric stirred and when he realised what I was doing said, "I don't think you'll get any joy there. I haven't come twice in a week for years, let alone twice in one day." But I stuck to my task, caressing his balls, and gently chewing his foreskin.

After a few minutes I could feel his prick starting to twitch and grow and I moved my head away to watch. I started to wank him slowly and gradually his prick got longer and longer. Every now and then I lowered my head and licked the length of it. It didn't seem to get any thicker but just grew and grew. It was soon too long to get into my mouth and so I licked and kissed my way up Eric's body until we were face to face.

"That's better," he said as his hand teased my nipples into erection. "You've got terrific tits," he said, "I never thought I would feel any as firm as this again." I moved up over Eric and let my tits hang over his face, swaying from side to side and letting my nipples brush his lips. He eventually caught one between his teeth and sucked and nibbled away.

"Please fuck me properly this time," I said and rolled over beside him. I reached down and grasped his prick, long, slim and stiff, and pulled him towards me. He did not need to push my legs open — they already were. My pussy was soaking and I could feel my protruding lips pulsating at the thought of his approaching cock. He positioned himself at the entrance and pushed. I could feel him sliding in and in and in. I thought he would never stop but he was soon in to the hilt. He paused to kiss me. "I ought to be able to keep going this time. Just tell me when to stop," and with that he began to move slowly and comfortably. I wrapped my legs around his back and pulled him to me. Every now and then he pulled his cock almost right out of my cunt until only the tip was still in contact, then he would slowly thrust all the way back in. It was an incredible feeling with a prick as long as his.

He seemed as though he would go on for ages, and the feelings in my cunt were building up when he whispered that he wanted a change of position. He pulled his prick out to the entrance of my pussy and took it in his hand. He then started to rub it up and down the length of my soaking twat, stopping now and then to rub my throbbing clit with it.

I could stand it no longer. I pulled my legs up to my ears and almost screamed, "Fuck me for Christ's sake, I can't stand it any more. Please put your cock in. Screw me Eric. Make me come, please give me your come."

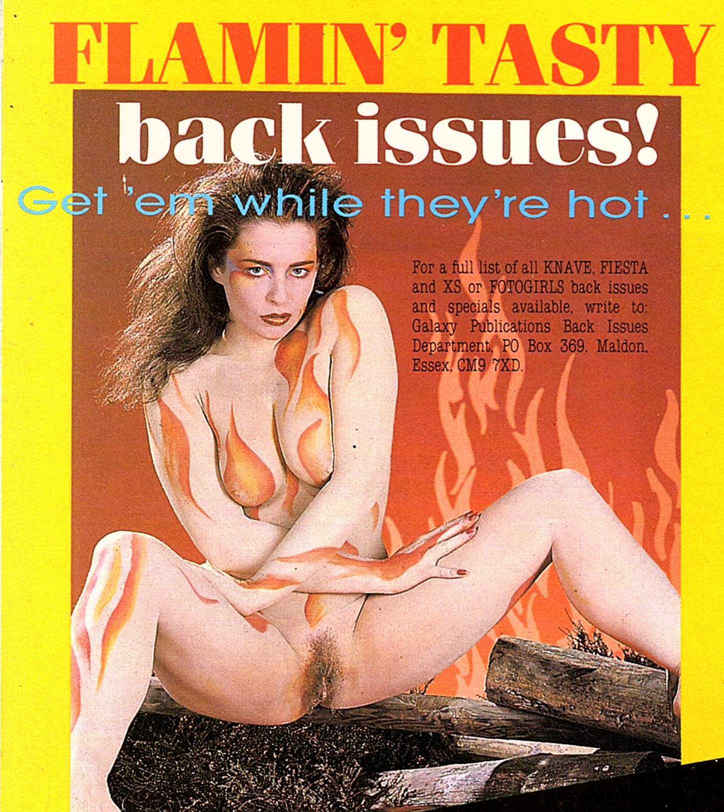
He relented and thrust into me vigorously. As he did so, I came. And again when he thrust back in, and again and again.

As I came back to earth I felt Eric start to withdraw his still erect prick. "No, Eric please leave it in," I asked, "just lie with me for a while." He pulled away a little so that he could see my tits and play with them. He tweaked each nipple, licked them and before long I could feel the waves flowing down my body making my cunt tingle again. As he lay there, Eric had the incredible ability to make his cock twitch. I could feel him making it move without him moving his hips. Each time he did it, I shuddered with pleasure, and tried to grasp him more tightly with my cunt muscles. We lay there for a while almost having a conversation with our sexual muscles, but with me building slowly towards yet another orgasm.

"I think I'm going to come again soon," I said and Eric quickly withdrew his prick. He teased my swollen clit for a while before rolling me over and making me kneel up. He explained that from behind he could play with my tits as we fucked, and he really liked my tits. He positioned himself behind me. I reached through my legs to grasp his slippery cock and guided it into my sopping snatch. Hanging on to my tits from behind, Eric thrust away with amazing energy for man of his age and I thrilled as I felt his long, slim prick slide in and out. I tightened my cunt muscles to get a better feel of him and I felt him suddenly swell as he shouted, "I'm coming," I felt his spunk flood my love hole.

What a man, 60 years old, and yet he made me feel like a desirable woman again. He made love like a 25 year old and was a gentleman through and through.

Needless to say, I didn't go back to Tom, but I had a very happy week with Eric. In fact, I still see him from time to time. But that's another story. — *S.D., Suffolk.*



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flicking through it. Being two much maligned students we would be grateful if you could print this, so we can wank over our own letter, whilst imagining all of the other people doing likewise. — *D.S., Edinburgh.*

Vibro Pals

I was nineteen last week, I had been looking forward to my first fuck, I knew all about it from reading Knave, watching some porno videos and my friend who, although she is only a year older than me, has been getting fucked regularly for about a year now. She has told me all the details.

When we watched videos together, I had expressed doubts about being able to get something that big up me, Kate said it was easy and offered to show me with a large vibrator she had got hold of from somewhere. We'd often played with each other, although less lately, since she has started fucking boys regularly. But as my parents were out, she got her vibrator and starting playing with herself.

We were both naked after a bath and it was unbelievable, the way she slid that great thing up her pussy.

"Here, you try," she offered. I tried, really I tried, but I couldn't get it up.

"It hurts," I complained.

"You're not relaxed enough, Liz, here let me try," she put her fingers up my cunt. "You're too dry, lay back and I'll suck you off a bit to get you going," she said. I lay back on the bed while Kate opened my legs and plunged her tongue right up me, I was used to this and enjoyed it, we slept in the same bed and usually sucked each other to sleep. I relaxed and let the feelings flow as she opened me wide with her hands and started to concentrate on my clit, nibbling and licking it until I was nearly coming. Then I felt her prizing my cunt lips apart with her fingers while teasing my clit with her thumb, I guessed what was coming next and was looking forward to it.

I felt her rubbing the vibrator up and down my slit before she eased it in, I opened my legs wider and tried to lift myself up to it as I felt it fill me. Kate showed me no mercy, she didn't stop pushing until it was all in and when she pulled it out a little way then pushed it back harder I exploded! What a feeling! I almost fainted with the pleasure of it.

Pun-ilingus

Ten inches:
The amatory ambition of a sexual adventuress who's done up to the nines.

U-bend:
How you get into a sports car, or out of the gigolo business.

"Oh God Kate, is it as good as that with a man?" I asked when I got my breath back sometime later, and was lying spread-eagled on the bed recovering.

"Usually, it's better, if he's any good," Kate added the qualification a bit dreamily as if she was thinking back to past experiences.

Until it was time to sleep, we planned how I was going to get my first man, and who it was going to be. I still don't know and as I'm typing this at work I look at every man who passes and wonder if it should be him. — *L.T., Northampton.*

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